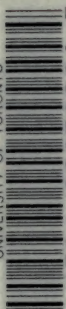


BANZAI NIPPON!

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO




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From TOKIO *through*
MANCHURIA
WITH THE JAPANESE



LOUIS L. SEAMAN



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New York July 26th 1905.

From TOKIO *through*
MANCHURIA
WITH THE JAPANESE



HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN.

From TOKIO *through*
MANCHURIA
WITH THE JAPANESE

BY

LOUIS LIVINGSTON SEAMAN, M. D., LL. B.

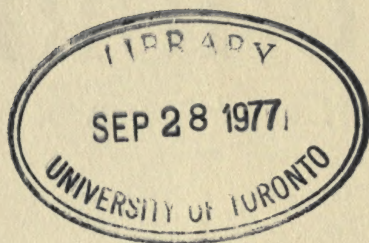
MAJOR AND SURGEON, U. S. V., IN THE SPANISH-AMERICAN AND
PHILIPPINE WARS, AND WITH THE ALLIED ARMIES
IN THE BOXER CAMPAIGN IN CHINA

'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius,—
We'll deserve it.

ADDISON—*Cato*. Act I. Sc. 2.



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1905



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Published November, 1904

TO
THE FILE IN THE RANK
WITH THE HOPE THAT ITS LIGHTER VEIN
MAY HELP TO PASS A RESTFUL HOUR
AND ITS SERIOUS ONE
SERVE TO LESSEN THE DANGERS THAT
ENCOMPASS HIM IN HIS COUNTRY'S SERVICE
THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED
BY THE AUTHOR

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THE MAN BEHIND THE GUNS IN MANCHURIA
Major-General Fukushima, Chief of Staff, Japanese Army

FROM TOKIO THROUGH MANCHURIA

CHAPTER I

TOKIO IN TIME OF WAR

BANZAI NIPPON, literally ten thousand good wishes or hurrahs for Japan! This is the shout of patriotism in the Land of the Rising Sun. It has peculiar significance in the present great clash of arms with Russia. It has become a national war cry. It breathes the hopes, the expectations and the aspirations of the nation for victory. The cry is universal throughout the empire. When occasion arises for its utterance, the visitor hears it on every hilltop and in every valley. Every flag and banner, millions of which are to be seen in the land, seem to proclaim it.

FROM TOKIO THROUGH MANCHURIA

With this national sentiment so pronounced, and with every person in the kingdom, man, woman or child, almost overwrought by the intensity of their patriotism, the visitor from other lands is astonished to find that there is little outward indication in Japan itself of a war which means a life-or-death struggle to the kingdom. Probably the most astonishing thing to the stranger is the complete absence of military pomp or show. Outside of the immediate neighborhood of the War Department and other military headquarters in the empire, one does not see a soldier in uniform. The great cities of the empire are occupied with the every-day realities of life, just as before hostilities began, and except for occasions which arouse the patriotic spirit, when flags and banners are brought out and great crowds assemble to shout "Banzai Nippon," the daily routine of labor goes on in the even tenor of its way, just as if no war existed.

Accompanied by my friend, Dr. Alexander Trautman, of New York, I arrived in Tokio on June 20, 1904. I had a letter of introduction from Mr. Takahira, the Japanese Minister

TOKIO IN TIME OF WAR

to the United States, to Mr. Chinda, the Vice-Secretary of Foreign Affairs for Japan; also credentials from the State Department in Washington, General Chaffee of the War Department, and Surgeon-General O'Reilly, besides numerous letters to leading men of the empire, and especially to those engaged in medical work. Neither in Yokohama, nor on the twenty miles trip from Yokohama to Tokio, was there the slightest evidence of war. The entrance of the harbor of Yokohama was extensively mined as a precaution against a hostile fleet, and our ship was carefully guided through by a pilot leader, but unless one had been keenly observing, the fact would never have been noticed. No unusual precautions were taken by the customs officials to guard against the arrival of inimical persons, and for all that one could observe there was no difference in the condition of affairs, national or otherwise, from that which existed during five former visits that I had made to Japan.

Yokohama seemed, as it always does, to be separated into two distinct cities, one of modern European buildings with imposing clubs

FROM TOKIO THROUGH MANCHURIA

and luxurious residences and streets, and the other an Oriental city, with its low, tile-roofed dwellings, with temples and shops, and streets filled with a busy contingent of animated natives. As soon as we reached Tokio we presented our letters to the American Minister, Mr. Griscom, and he at once communicated with Mr. Chinda, the Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs, asking for an appointment for us. It was our desire first to visit the hospitals, so far as the military system would permit, and then to reach the zone of military action so as to be in actual touch with the wounded on the field of battle. As a result of Mr. Griscom's kindly offices, it was soon arranged for us to make a formal call on Minister Chinda. Ceremonies having been disposed of, I was gratified to receive the following autograph letter written in English from Mr. Chinda the next day:

FOREIGN OFFICE, June 22, 1904.

MY DEAR MAJOR:

As I wish to have a conversation regarding the object of your visit yesterday, will you be so good as to call on me at this office some time to-morrow? Please let me

TOKIO IN TIME OF WAR

know by telephone at what hour you would be here, so that I may be sure to be in.

Yours truly,

F. CHINDA.

An appointment was made for ten o'clock the next morning, and Mr. Chinda was most gracious in his reception. After the usual cigarettes and tea had been proffered by a page, the Minister came into the reception room and entered at once into a discussion as to the probability of granting my application to go to the front, or as near the front in connection with the medical service of the army as would be possible.

Minister Chinda was good enough to say that the credentials I presented were exceptional. He added that the War Department desired to do everything possible to oblige the United States, or any citizen of the United States commended especially by the Washington authorities, but that while permission to visit the actual field of hostilities could scarcely be granted, an exception would be made for me to visit the various military hospitals, provided a request should come through the regu-

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lar diplomatic channels, from our Minister in Tokio. Having paved the way to secure the object of our visit, there was nothing to do but await the result of official routine.

We therefore started to investigate more closely the attitude of the people during war time. We had gone only a short distance when we heard, to our surprise, the majestic tones of Chopin's Funeral March played by a band entirely of Japanese. Surmising it was the funeral of some distinguished officer, we watched the procession as it came slowly down the avenue past the Department of Justice, making a beautiful and impressive spectacle. The funeral was that of Commander Mazuki, who was killed on the torpedo boat "Taikoku." First in the procession was the band, and then a company of bluejackets, then the caisson, and then the uniforms and sword of the dead commander. These were followed by a company of white-robed Shinto priests, the relatives of the late commander, the mounted police, another platoon of bluejackets, and then came the populace, many of whom were personal friends of the late commander. A most beautiful custom

TOKIO IN TIME OF WAR

of the Japanese was observed on this occasion, when growing evergreen plants, some of them being miniature trees, were carried by the people in the procession, to be planted on or near the grave of the naval hero. There were no tears and no outward signs of grief. Commander Mazuki had been killed while doing his duty, and in accordance with Japanese ideas, there was no occasion for lamentations, for there is no greater glory than dying in the service of the Emperor.

Later we had occasion to go to the Shimbashi (railway) station in Tokio and there were fortunate enough to observe another eminently characteristic Japanese scene. About four hundred wounded soldiers from the fighting line near the Yalu had arrived by train from Hiroshima. The streets were lined with thousands of people. Banners and flags were waved and tossed in the wind by the excited populace, and shouts of "Banzai" filled the air. It was a great welcome for men who had faced death for love of country.

As soon as the wounded appeared, however, silence fell upon the masses. They

FROM TOKIO THROUGH MANCHURIA

were taken from the station to the military hospital in jinrikishas, and on stretchers of bamboo. The crowd gazed silently on the growing lines of wounded, who returned the stare with equal gravity. In the crowds were many relatives of those who had returned, but they gave no outward sign of their presence. The Japanese are an undemonstrative people, and this reception of their wounded afforded an exceptional opportunity to observe it.

One would never have imagined that standing in this stolid crowd were those whose hearts were overflowing with joy to greet their loved ones. Occasionally a mother or a sister would recognize a son or brother. The greeting would be almost formal, and with an air of deference on the part of the woman. The real welcome, of course, was reserved for the home, where scenes of which the world knows nothing and which are sacred took place later.

The road from the station to the various hospitals was through the busiest part of the city, but everywhere the slow but impressive procession of the wounded met with a respectful silence until the destination was reached, where

TOKIO IN TIME OF WAR

with almost mechanical precision the patients were distributed. So systematic were the arrangements that in a few minutes nothing remained to indicate an interruption of the usual routine of the day's work.

The social life of Yokohama and Tokio at this time of intense national excitement was, of course, unusually animated, and we spent most of our leisure in calling upon acquaintances, — attending dinners and receptions, and renewing many old friendships, some of which began in the Boxer campaign in China in 1900. Among the most popular hosts and hostesses in Tokio were Colonel and Mrs. Oliver Ellsworth Wood. Colonel Wood is the Military Attaché of the American Legation at Tokio, and during the more or less frequent absences of Minister Griscom and his wife, Colonel and Mrs. Wood do the social honors for America. Here we met also, amongst many other war correspondents, Mr. George Kennan, the celebrated Russian traveler, and his accomplished and hospitable wife. Another pleasant acquaintance was that of Professor N. S. Chiba of the University of Tokio, who

FROM TOKIO THROUGH MANCHURIA

has charge of the instruction in modern languages of the military officers of the general staff, and those stationed in and about Tokio. Professor Chiba's visiting card contained his name and these words "Director V. Gaikokugogakukwai," which he also pronounced when speaking of his calling with a dexterity that always excited our great admiration. Professor Chiba speaks most of the modern languages fluently, and even has an accent in some of them so clearly defined as to make his voice when heard over the telephone appear somewhat like that of a foreigner, and yet he has never been out of Japan. Still other acquaintances of interest were those formed with Count Matsukata, Director of the Red Cross of Japan, and Dr. Takaki, formerly Director-General of Medicine of the Imperial Japanese Navy, whose wonderful work in the hospitals of Tokio and in medical science in the kingdom has made him rank with its most distinguished men.

One of the most interesting features of life in Tokio and Yokohama was the manner in which the newsboys sold their extras at times

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when there was exciting news from the front. These extras were really nothing more than ordinary handbills about six inches long and four inches wide, with a few words printed on one side. Every Japanese who takes a native newspaper is practically a regular subscriber, and the extras are issued independently of the regular editions, so that the common people who wish to get the latest news from the front buy the extras with avidity. Newsboys are not much in evidence on the streets of Japanese cities except when these extras appear. All the boys carry little clusters of bells, which sound a great deal like sleigh bells in the United States. As the lads run from place to place, the jingle of the bells attracts great attention and there is a rush to see what the latest news is. The youthful vendors sometimes wear a coat of dark blue cotton, with inscriptions on the front and back, and frequently some of them have the great red disc of the national emblem displayed on their backs between their shoulders. The boys seldom shout their wares, relying chiefly on the noise of the bells to attract attention.

FROM TOKIO THROUGH MANCHURIA

If one would obtain an insight into the patriotic feeling of the Japanese women, possibly no better place for observation could be found than in the Asakusa Park in Tokio, where stands the great temple of Kwannon. This magnificent park often presents the spectacle of a grand fête. A pathetic incident that may be seen here daily is found in the little groups of girls and women busily engaged in working little cross-stitches or knots in the soldiers' handkerchiefs or towels. On completing a stitch the worker passes it to her neighbor, who, after adding another, passes it on. And so it goes from friend to friend, until a thousand knots are added, after which it is given to the soldier who is about to start for the front, and regards it as his talisman—a priceless possession. It means to him a thousand “banzais,” and every one the good wish of a noble and devoted woman. On the cloths or handkerchiefs are displayed various emblems, and frequently cartoons of a humorous nature. The soldier carries towel or handkerchief in his kit, and sometimes wears it about his neck. He never parts with it, and to him

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it is one of the most sacred links with his home, which, almost as a matter of course, he never expects to see again.

Whilst we were still waiting in Tokio the Fourth of July arrived, and many of the Americans visited Yokohama to participate in one of the most stirring celebrations that day ever saw in a foreign land. The Americans contributed largely to a special fund, and water fireworks, and other explosives for use in the daytime, were set off from a float opposite the leading hotel of Yokohama. The Japanese of the city caught the spirit of the occasion, and out of respect and admiration for the United States joined in the celebration. Flags of all sorts and sizes and banners and streamers were displayed everywhere. Bands of music played national airs of various countries, Russia excepted, and varied the musical program with occasional Japanese music. Like the music of most Oriental countries, there is little melody in the minstrelsy of Japan, and this makes the mastery of European music by the Japanese all the more remarkable. The rendering of martial airs, operatic selec-

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tions, and the melodies of the Western Hemisphere by these men was unusually fine, and many excellent judges of harmony among the foreign colony in Yokohama went so far as to say they had never heard better martial music than the Imperial Marine Band played at this Fourth of July celebration.

The great feature of the occasion was seen at night. There was more music, and all sorts of modern fireworks were set off from the float in front of the hotel. The illumination of the city was general, and the harbor presented a fairylike scene as thousands of sanpans, the Japanese rowboats, glided about with gaily colored lanterns glowing in the dark. There seemed to be no limit to the number of these sanpans and lanterns. They extended far over the water and appeared to be endless. One enthusiastic American compared the picture to the vistas one sees in Turner's landscapes, and another said the view reminded him of a Doré illustration of Dante, where the horizon seems illimitable.

Among the special illuminations on the float was one of Uncle Sam, who seemed to be fully

TOKIO IN TIME OF WAR

eighty feet tall, while another represented the shelling of Port Arthur. The celebration with its lights and music and cheers lasted until midnight, and made an entrancing picture. It was the generally expressed opinion of all the Americans present that never had they witnessed so delightful, so picturesque, and so enthusiastic a celebration of the Fourth of July, even in the United States.

Among the most interesting experiences of our stay in Tokio was the inspection of the work of Dr. Takaki, to which reference has already been made. The Tokio Charity Hospital and Medical College are the result of his efforts. He founded the hospital seventeen years ago, starting with three patients in a little building which was almost a hut. Now there are three hundred patients in a fine building conducted on broad, up-to-date principles, the operating room being supplied and fitted up with the latest devices for antiseptic procedure. Dr. Takaki lectures to his three hundred medical students at the college in English, the only institution in Japan using that language, and which he is desirous of making

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popular. Accompanied by Dr. Takaki we visited the Red Cross and Military Hospitals and there it was that we first saw the results of the conservative surgery as practiced in the Japanese army. We were astonished to learn that of the more than one thousand wounded soldiers received in Tokio from the front, not one had died, despite the fact that more than fifty cases were of bullet wounds penetrating the chest and other great cavities. There were wounds of the knee-joints, elbows, hands, scalp, jaw, and neck, the patients all convalescing so rapidly that in comparison the attending surgeons looked far more ill than their patients.

Dr. Takaki, as Medical Director of the Imperial Navy, probably accomplished one of the most herculean tasks that ever confronted the medical authorities of any country. To him the navy is indebted for the eradication of that most terribly fatal disease, beri-beri. In the war with Corea forty-five per cent. of the Japanese troops had this disease, and the mortality was appalling. Now it is practically unknown in the navy. This eradi-

TOKIO IN TIME OF WAR

cation was brought about almost entirely through a scientific study of the navy ration and its reformation. As a result of this change in food, the proportion of meat and vegetables being regulated scientifically, a finer, more robust, red-blooded set of sailors does not exist than those in Japan's naval service. Before the change of ration, an average of five per cent. of the men in the navy were on the sick-list all the time. Since then the average is less than one and one-half per cent.

The round of calls, official and otherwise, continued from day to day, and one of the most pleasant places to visit was the War Department, where Major-General Fukushima, whom I had met in Peking during the Boxer campaign of 1900-01, gave us a warm greeting, and presented us to Field Marshal Oyama. At the Admiralty Office we renewed the acquaintance begun in Paris in 1900 with Surgeon-General Saneyoshi, who was prominent at that time in the military and naval section of the International Medical Congress in that city. It was through General Saneyoshi that we learned informally that our application

FROM 'TOKIO THROUGH MANCHURIA

to visit the hospitals had been granted, and from that time on our stay in Tokio partook something of the impatience to get away that marked the experiences of the seventy-two foreign war correspondents who were detained there so long.

Before leaving, however, we made a call on Dr. Kazuo Hatoyama, of the Law School of the University of Tokio, who took us through the courts of the capital, and explained the various judicial processes. We also visited the various court-rooms in the Department of Justice. On the lower floor of the great courthouse was the court corresponding to that of the police magistrate in the United States. Only one judge presided. The second floor is given up to civil cases, and three judges sat on the bench. On the next floor criminal cases of great importance were tried, and five judges occupied that bench. On the floor above sat the Supreme Court with seven judges. There is no jury system in the land, but the courts are very dignified and the administration of justice ranks on a par with that in the best Anglo-Saxon countries.

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And so the days passed until our credentials to visit the military hospitals arrived. It was difficult to realize that we were in a country which was making such heroic warfare, so peaceful and quiet were the surroundings. The gentle, unassuming lives of these people, their careful and deliberate methods of self-control, their utter contempt for sensationalism, their stupendous efforts to uplift and improve their condition in every way, their industry, their perseverance, their hospitality, all commanded one's admiration, to say nothing of enthusiasm for their bravery when fighting, and their humanity in caring for the wounded of the war.

It was difficult to realize that fifty years ago, one might say almost to a day, Japan was in the same condition as to ideas of government that Europe was in during the twelfth century. In less than half a century the nation had made the most remarkable evolution ever witnessed. The Japanese to-day are making stupendous strides, and no better indication of it exists than the fact that they have discarded pomp and show in military operations. There was

FROM TOKIO THROUGH MANCHURIA

an absolute absence of the gold-laced, brass-buttoned ostentation and parade, the swash-buckling, spur-heeled bravado, so much to be seen in certain European capitals even in times of peace. The Japanese make war as scientifically as they master all the operations of civilization. While we were waiting in Tokio, Japan already had two armies in the field, a third was ready to leave for the front, and a fourth was being mobilized. Immense stores of supplies, food, coal, ammunition, to the amount of thousands upon thousands of tons, were being shipped from the ports of the inland sea through the Straits of Shimonoseki to the Gulf of Pechili; great fleets of transports were carrying troops to the Manchurian Peninsula, and up toward Dalny and Port Arthur; a vast and comprehensive system of manufacture to supply the needs of the soldiers and of the sailors was going on, but it was all done with such perfect organization and intelligent system that one had to search even in this imperial capital—the very center of administrative activities—to discover any tangible evidence of the actual existence of war.

CHAPTER II

THROUGH JAPAN, PILOTING OYAMA'S SPECIAL TRAIN

No matter where the visitor to Japan may go in the time of war, he will find it a land of sealed lips. Every man, woman, and child seems to regard it as a point of special honor not to reveal in the slightest degree anything that could be of possible use or comfort to the enemy. The people are absolutely silent to strangers about the war. Everywhere where martial law exists is secrecy, with indications of suspicion. The visitor is watched day and night by a guard or detectives. His papers and luggage are ransacked time after time in the inland cities or towns in which he may stop. In every place he is required to fill out a blank for the information of the police like the following:

FROM TOKIO THROUGH MANCHURIA

This place now being under the Martial Law, you are requested to fill in the following blanks:

Name,

Age,

Nationality,

Occupation,

Where from,

Where for,

Object of traveling,

.....

Martial Inspecting Office.

Date,

It was under conditions such as these that we set out from Yokohama the first week in July, by rail along the shores of the beautiful Inland Sea, to visit the great base hospitals toward the western end of the island. Below are the credentials from Baron Komura Jutaro, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, which opened the gates of Japanese official hospitality to us:

PILOTING OYAMA'S SPECIAL TRAIN

DEPARTMENT OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS,

TOKIO, June 29, 1904.

HIS Excellency LLOYD C. GRISCOM, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States:

Mr. Minister—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your Excellency's note No. 82, dated the 24th inst., requesting that facilities be extended to Major L. L. Seaman, M.D., formerly a surgeon of the Volunteer Army of the United States, and to Doctor Alexander Trautman, his assistant, to study the medical and surgical work in the military hospitals in Japan and Corea, and in the military base and field hospitals as near the front as practicable. The matter was at once referred to the Ministers of War and the Navy, and their respective replies were obtained, the purport of which I now hasten to communicate to you.

The Minister of War says that at present he is only at liberty to meet the desires of those gentlemen so far as to show them the medical and surgical work at the reserve hospitals in Japan (also the Matsuyama Hospital, where Russian soldiers are under treatment), and that it is desirable, to avoid any inconvenience, that they will communicate with the War Office, previously appointing the day of their intended visit and asking the convenience of the hospitals.

The Minister for the Navy informs me that he is quite willing to show the gentlemen above named any

FROM TOKIO THROUGH MANCHURIA

of the naval hospitals if they will be good enough to give previous notice of their visit.

I avail myself, etc., etc.,

Baron KOMURA JUTARO,
Minister of Foreign Affairs.

By what we regarded as a most fortunate coincidence, the train on which we set out for Hiroshima acted as a pilot for the special train of Field Marshal Oyama, and the general staff of the army who were starting for the zone of hostilities in Manchuria. The Marshal had left Tokio and Yokohama amid scenes of great enthusiasm. The people had poured into the railroad station by thousands and tens of thousands, and the banners and flags that were raised fairly clouded the horizon. The shouts of "Banzai" became a veritable roar. The enthusiasm of these two cities spread to all the cities and towns through which the Marshal was to pass along the beautiful Inland Sea to Hiroshima and Ujina, the port of Hiroshima, from which the Marshal was to set sail for the front.

Passing through the country under these conditions we had a revelation not only of what



THE HEAD OF THE JAPANESE IN MANCHURIA
Field-Marshal Oyama, Commander-in-chief of the Japanese land
forces

PILOTING OYAMA'S SPECIAL TRAIN

the sealed lip means in Japan, but also of the tremendous depth of the patriotic feeling that universally exists. We were the sole occupants of the only first-class carriage on our train, which was mistaken for a time in many of the towns and villages for that of Marshal Oyama and the general staff. The consequence was that repeatedly delegations came to our car windows to wish the Marshal good cheer and to shout "Banzai" at him. Villages and hamlets along the line were gay with bunting, and the stations were crowded with gaily dressed people and pretty children. From car windows, even on the tops of the highest hills and mountains, we could see innumerable Japanese flags. The rising sun on a field of white floated from thousands of bamboo staffs, on the tops of the tallest trees, indicating that one from the family who owned or occupied the nearest house had gone away to the war.

In thousands of places, especially in the fields, as the train went by there was to be witnessed a sight that was most inspiring. Where the men and women at their daily tasks in the rice fields had no flags to wave at the train

FROM TOKIO THROUGH MANCHURIA

which they supposed contained Marshal Oyama and the general staff, they stood with their feet spread wide apart, their arms outstretched above their shoulders, their heads tilted back, and their eyes raised to heaven, invoking the blessings of the gods upon the Commander-in-Chief of the Japanese forces. It was an attitude so impressive, disclosing as it did the profound and subtle emotion of the entire people, that one soon entered into the spirit and began to feel as if he were almost on sacred ground.

To illustrate the devotion of the Japanese to their cause and their love of their great general, who is regarded as the Von Moltke of Japan, I may mention what occurred at a little station at which we stopped on our way to Kobe. An old Japanese woman, who was in the eighties at least, came to my window. She had a dainty little pot of tea in one hand and a flag in the other, desiring to present it evidently to General Oyama or some of his staff. When she learned that the General was not on board, she rose to the situation and gracefully presented us with the tea and

PILOTING OYAMA'S SPECIAL TRAIN

was delighted at our acceptance of her courtesy.

On our way we stopped at the great castle of Nagoya (the fortified residence of a former Shogun), and from its summit witnessed a fine review of troops, in the near-by barracks, our first real sight of anything that looked like war in Japan. A detachment of the troops came to the station to go on our train to Osaka, where the Fourth Army was being mobilized. A great delegation came down to see them off. The scene at the station was entirely devoid of pathos. There was a plenty of gay music and waving of banners. Gaily dressed women came to say good-by to their husbands or lovers with smiling faces. There was no indication of sorrow or even regret at the departure of the troops. All was as merry as if the soldiers were simply going on an excursion for a summer encampment, and no indication was given that any of them felt it was the last time, perhaps, that hundreds of loved ones would ever see one another again.

At another station where we stopped about twenty-five young girls, decorated with the in-

FROM TOKIO THROUGH MANCHURIA

signia of the Red Cross, came to greet us and sing to us. They lifted their voices with the weird national air of Japan, which when sung by only one or two persons seems almost devoid of melody, but which, when joined in by many, gains in sweetness and harmony and approaches an expression of deep feeling. As these girls sang it was evident that all the Japanese on the train were profoundly impressed. The young women sang other Japanese songs, and soon the station was ringing with shouts of "Banzai," the tossing and waving of flags suggesting the scene that occurs in the United States at a great football game when one of the sides has scored a touchdown, rather than the departure of an army for the seat of war.

On our second day, we began to realize fully the popularity of Marshal Oyama, having learned definitely by that time that all these demonstrations which we had seen were intended for him. At one station a delegation of the "leading citizens" came forward to present an address to the Marshal. They discovered their error in time to save us from a

PILOTING OYAMA'S SPECIAL TRAIN

somewhat embarrassing situation, but their greetings were none the less hearty than had been those given at numerous other stations along the road.

Doubtless Marshal Oyama, had he known of the exact situation, would have been glad if we had been so disguised as to resemble either him or the members of his party so that he might have been spared the infliction of listening to numerous addresses. As it was, his ears must have been ringing constantly with shouts of "Banzai," and it was not difficult for us to imagine that he found himself in a position which used to confront General Sherman in the United States so often, when the tune of "Marching Through Georgia" was blared at him on every occasion.

An incident in Marshal Oyama's trip made a great impression upon him, as we learned soon after his arrival at Hiroshima. It occurred at the station in Kioto. One of the foreign residents at Kioto is Miss Lenton, an American woman who has been teaching English in the Girls' College there for fifteen years. On the morning of July 7th, several hundred wounded

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from the battle of Nanshan had stopped at Kioto, and there were hundreds of men and women, including the mayor and civil officials of the place and members from various trade guilds, at the station to greet them. The citizens brought tea, ice-water, and cakes to give to the wounded, and among those who were busiest in running hither and thither was Miss Lenton, whose sympathies for the Japanese were so strong that she had translated many poems of war from English into Japanese for her pupils to learn. When the train started east, with the wounded for Yokohama and Tokio, tears filled Miss Lenton's eyes. The murmur of Japanese admiration for her act was general.

Soon the train containing Marshal Oyama and his staff arrived. She was the only foreigner among a crowd of fully ten thousand Japanese. When the train stopped, she dried her eyes and went up to the car in which the Commander-in-Chief was seated. She spoke briefly to Marshal Oyama, proffering her good wishes for his health, and the overwhelming success of the Japanese army. The Marshal

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was extremely pleased and showed some indication of emotion. When the train began to move on its way to the west, amid the tumult of "Banzais," there was heard the shrill voice of an American woman. It was that of Miss Lenton, and her "Banzai" was distinguished above all the rest.

Travel in Japan, especially first class, is extremely comfortable. The railway company supplies an excellent dining service and each first-class carriage is furnished with as many pairs of slippers as it will contain passengers. A polite porter unties your shoes when you enter, takes them off, gives you a comfortable pair of slippers in their stead and polishes your shoes. Every little detail of comfort for the passenger is looked after, and it is a delight to watch the people and the scenery. It is a most picturesque ride from Yokohama along the Inland Sea to Nagasaki, the port on the far west. This landscape is quite as varied, with mountain and valley and nature, as the most beautiful parts of Switzerland, and the people are positively charming, not only in their dress, but in the artistic manner in which they

FROM TOKIO THROUGH MANCHURIA

decorate their homes. The traveler sees terraced fields of rice high up the hillsides irrigated by the mountain streams, with here and there a little patch of iris or a square of pink and white lotus to break the monotony of the scenery with a dash of lovely color. On every hand are orchards, the trees all grown on trellis-work supports, and the fruit, largely peaches and pears, tied up in little papers to protect it from insects.

In every village the temples are placed in the most commanding positions and are surrounded by grand old pines and cryptomeria. Altogether, the trip along the Inland Sea is one of the most picturesque and impressive to be found in the whole world. To pass over this route during a time when the feeling of patriotism was exultant, owing to the departure of Marshal Oyama and the news of recent victories, was not only a treat, but a revelation of the character of the people such as we had never dreamed of.

So after about forty-two hours of travel from Yokohama we finally reached our destination, Hiroshima, where the great base hos-

PILOTING OYAMA'S SPECIAL TRAIN

pitals are situated, and immediately had an experience that showed what war meant to this town. We arrived about two o'clock in the morning in a pouring rain. Doctor Trautman and myself each occupied a jinrikisha, and two others were required for our luggage. We made quite a little procession as we passed through the streets in the dead of night accompanied by a police official. Directing our rickshaw men to the leading hotel called the "Misoguchi," we learned upon arrival that there was absolutely no room to be had. Every stopping place in the town had been commandeered for the officers and troops, of whom there were probably thirty thousand awaiting transports for the scene of war.

We pounded on the door of the hotel for a long time, and finally the proprietor opened it. We asked to be admitted, and were informed that the place was already overcrowded and there was no room. The hallway was piled with saddles and other accouterments of the officers. Although the place was evidently overcrowded, we insisted on being sheltered. The proprietor refused absolutely to take us

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in, saying that his house was occupied by the soldiers and under no conditions would he allow any one else to enter.

Then we started on another hunt, having made our rickshaw men understand that we must find a place of shelter for the remaining hours of the night. They took us to the next hotel of importance in the place, the Yamakin, and it too was crowded to the doors. Altogether we went to four places in one hour, and finally, being unable to secure shelter, started back for the Misoguchi Hotel. On the way our official guide became suspicious—but after examining our credentials and passes he interested himself in our behalf and helped us to arouse the proprietor of the hotel once more. The policeman told the proprietor that he must make room for us. The proprietor shook his head, but said he would call his wife.

It was right there that we secured an insight into the position the Japanese wife occupies in her home. She may not be a factor of such importance outside her household, but within, she is supreme. This gentle lady gave us one look, and then uttered a flat-footed



BRINGING IN A WOUNDED JAPANESE SOLDIER



JAPANESE SOLDIERS IN BIVOUC

PILOTING OYAMA'S SPECIAL TRAIN

“no,” after which she slammed the door in our faces, and that settled us so far as securing shelter in the Misoguchi Hotel was concerned.

Even the policeman who was with us seemed somewhat surprised and cowed by this demonstration of a woman's power in her own home, and he escorted us back to the Yamakin Hotel, where we had gone after being rejected by the Misoguchi. The official aroused the proprietor and simply ordered him under pain of dire penalties to take us in. He had seen something of our credentials and he told the proprietor it would be a great offense if we were not accommodated for the night, an offense for which he would have to answer. He even went so far as to say, if necessary, he would use force to compel the hotel man to give us shelter.

That threat was potent, and the proprietor immediately took us to a room where nine servants were sleeping on the floor. He routed them out, and gave us their room for the night. Where they went we did not know, but inasmuch as the Japanese are ready to fall down

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anywhere and sleep when tired, we overcame our feelings of sympathy by a liberal compensation and congratulated ourselves on our good fortune.

Next day, our identity becoming known to several of the Japanese officers in the hotel, we were given, through the courtesy of Major Ide, a beautiful room on the second floor. During the several days that we remained in Hiroshima we became very well acquainted with these officers, and one evening it gave me great pleasure to entertain quite a party of them at a dinner in the Misoguchi Hotel. We spent a delightful evening, gave toasts, made little speeches, and sang and shouted "Banzai" under the mellowing influences of the occasion.

It was about midnight when we adjourned, and several of the officers accompanied me to my room, where we all sat on the floor until about two o'clock in the morning, still further expressing our mutual good wishes and the hope of final victory for the arms of Japan. During the dinner, and during our social talks afterwards, it was noticeable that the army officers were especially guarded in what they

PILOTING OYAMA'S SPECIAL TRAIN

said. So far as military movements were concerned, these officers were splendid specimens of the sealed lip. Once or twice in reply to my questions a hint was dropped about future movements near Newchwang, one that I subsequently took advantage of, as will appear in the later pages, but not the slightest revelation was made as to what the plans, immediate or remote, of the officials might be.

Before saying Sayonara, and on expressing the hope that we might often meet again, possibly in the far north, or in beautiful Japan when this cruel conflict was over, one of the young lieutenants, a handsome, brilliant officer, bowing most profusely, said: "Ah, no, that can never be. You know we have all put on the white kimono," and with a parting "Banzai" he emptied his glass and retired. There, indeed, was the spirit of the old Samurai, the Yamato Damashii, or soul of Japan. In its hidden philosophy, patriotism, the worship of ancestry, the spirit of sacrifice, and a bravery that knows no fear, have their foundation. These men had put on the white kimono; they would never return again until their arms had

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been crowned with victory; they were ready if need be for the sacrifice.

We parted shortly after two o'clock in the morning with cries of "Banzai" and with many polite expressions of regard and assurances of further pleasant intercourse as soon as we should greet each other on the next day. I arose about eight o'clock in the morning, and noticed a great stillness pervaded the house. Upon investigation, it was found that all the hotels of the place were virtually bare of guests. Every one of those officers had departed noiselessly in the night. They had not given the slightest indication to me of their intended departure. They had slipped out in a ghostly way, and then it was that I began to realize fully what the lack of ostentation and military show meant in Japan's system of making war. Fully ten thousand troops had sailed from the harbor of Ujina in the darkness of the early morning, and there had not been the slightest demonstration over their leaving. By way of contrast one could easily imagine how different would have been the case in the United States or any European country upon

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the departure of so many troops for the seat of war. It was a marvelous exhibition, and it came to us with something of a shock, especially after the delightful evening we had had at dinner just before these men stole away in the shadows of the night.

It was not necessary, we found, to devote much time to the study of the Japanese language in order to travel in comparative comfort in Japan. Although I was able to speak enough words to make my wants known generally, I found it advisable, in view of the war situation and the prevalence of the sealed lip, to confine my vocabulary to three words: "Ohio," meaning good morning or how do you do, by means of which pleasant relations were established; "Banzai Nippon," ten thousand good wishes for Japan, which immediately placed us on friendly relations with the people, and "Sayonara," "If it must be, then farewell," a sentiment too beautiful to need explanation.

With these three words we were greeted on all sides with smiles at meeting and parting, whereas a general smattering of the lan-

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guage might have led to suspicions and unpleasant complications. This trip from Yokohama to Hiroshima, across the land of the sealed lip, was the one occasion of my life when I found a little knowledge not a dangerous thing.

CHAPTER III

AMONG EIGHT THOUSAND WOUNDED AT HIROSHIMA

It was at Hiroshima, in the great base hospitals of the army of Japan, that one first came face to face with the grim results of the war. There it was that one first began to realize something of the awful struggles on the firing line. In Tokio, as has been pointed out, one saw little to indicate that war existed. There was scarcely a uniform to be seen on the streets. On the way to Hiroshima we had seen a review of troops and the outpouring of the people to welcome Marshal Oyama and the general staff as they were taking their departure for the zone of hostilities. Up to this time, however, there had been little even to suggest the existence of real war.

Hiroshima revealed a different story. The presence of nearly 8,000 wounded made the

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visitor feel as if he was almost in touch with the firing line. The military hospitals there, like all the institutions and arrangements made for war by the Japanese, are admirable in equipment. The hospitals comprise six divisions in different parts of the city, each division having its own administrative building, behind which a long open hallway runs between ten corridor wards. Each ward is capable of accommodating fifty patients, but such is the elasticity of the building arrangements of the hospital that through the extension of the delicate bamboo structures temporary space can be obtained for five hundred extra beds in the emergencies of war. No less than fifteen Buddhist temples were requisitioned at the time of my last visit, to form an additional division of the hospitals, and their beautiful and roomy interiors gave ample accommodations for more than 1,000 additional patients.

It was a great delight merely to walk through the wards of this great institution. The Japanese soldier seems to be either less sensitive or more of a stoic than the rest of

THE WOUNDED AT HIROSHIMA

humanity. On the entrance of a surgeon in any ward, the patients, if able to stand, instantly were at "attention." If too ill to stand they crossed their legs in their cots in the graceful pose of Buddha, and remained in that attitude until the visit was over. We saw many a long ward full of these victims of Russian shot and shell, sitting like rows of Buddhist statues, with the same immobile look of quiet restfulness, of peaceful contentment, that characterized their great philosopher, recalling in more ways than one the exponent of their faith; and involuntarily it inspired a respect and admiration not far from reverence for these silent, suffering men who never complain, but who do their duty whether the end is to be victory or oblivion.

"As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks."

Although our standing with the Japanese officials had been established, it was interesting to note that we never were out of the gaze of a detective. An armed guard was stationed at

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the door of our hotel, and everywhere we were escorted by our friend Morai, of the secret police, with whom we found it easy to be on terms of friendship. When this official would ask one question, we would ask three in return, and the result of the exchange was decidedly to our advantage, for we gradually elicited much information as to the local situation and absorbed the general gossip as to the condition of troops and what was going on at the front.

The surgeon in chief at Hiroshima is Professor Sato, ably assisted by Doctors Onishi, Oku, and Tanake. They extended every courtesy to us. One of the first features of Japanese thoroughness in hospital work that impressed us was the constant flooding of the floors of the operating and dressing rooms with a solution of bichloride to prevent the accumulation of dust or the development of bacteria. Another and more important one was the fine physical condition of the patients. This I believe was largely due to the simple non-irritating diet of the soldier. The ration at the hospitals is superior, in nutritive qualities, to that used in the field. The plan at the hospital was

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to build the soldiers up as quick as possible with the most nutritious food that could be obtained, so as not only to facilitate their recovery from wounds and illness, but to place them once more in as fine physical condition as when they first started for the front, and thus make them again valuable units for the fighting with Russia.

It was at Hiroshima that we first met the American nurses who went to Japan early in the war to assist in caring for the sick and wounded. These nurses were received in Tokio with a great demonstration. Thousands of people turned out to greet them, and there were many banners and flags displayed in their honor. On one of the great banners suspended over the leading highway of Tokio was written, "Welcome, American angels of mercy!" They were established in a beautiful residence near the hospital grounds, and while they could take only a small part in the great work that was being done at Hiroshima, there being only ten of them, their presence was welcomed as indicative of the kindly interest of the United States and its people in Japan at this

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critical juncture in their history. Not being familiar with the Japanese language, the nurses were compelled to play a somewhat minor part, but they were useful and did effective work, especially in the surgical wards. To show their appreciation of the spirit that had prompted the American Red Cross and others in the United States to send these nurses to help succor the wounded and sick, the Japanese people of influence in Hiroshima and other parts of Japan sent delicate gifts to them almost daily. It was a pleasure for the Americans to see the bond of sympathy between the two nations displayed so effectively.

The Japanese nurses, we found, did peculiarly good service. No soldier on the firing line could do more for his beloved country than these dainty, delicate young women. They had been trained especially for this kind of work, and there was no detail in which they were lacking. They were on the firing line too, a firing line where, according to all previous experiences in war, the death rate was likely to be five times heavier than at the front where the shells and bullets were flying. With

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tremendous self-sacrifice and devotion they were doing as much to help Japan win her victories as were the men in the trenches or on the march. It was interesting to note how they sometimes took patients to and from the operating rooms. With something of the motherhood instinct, displayed universally in Japan by the carrying of infants on the back of some female member of the family, they simply took the patient about to be operated upon on their backs and carried him from his ward to the operating room. When the operation was finished, they carried him back to his cot. It was marvelous to see how these slender, delicate girls could do this work as well as if stretchers had been used. It may have been that like the men of Japan they had become expert in jiu-jitsu exercises. Whatever it was, the nurses handled the patients almost as easily as if they had been children.

Everywhere in the hospitals the wisdom of the Japanese system of treating wounds at the front (non-operative interference on the field or afterward, except under strict aseptic conditions) was emphasized. Thousands of

FROM TOKIO THROUGH MANCHURIA

lives were saved in this manner. The hospital corps men at the front had been trained practically as nurses. Here they had learned to apply the first-aid dressings in the most thorough and practical manner. The result was that hundreds of the wounded needed nothing but medical treatment after their arrival at Hiroshima. Hundreds of bullet wounds had been healed by first intention after first-aid dressings, and the result was to leave no doubt as to the asepsis of the modern bullet where the lesion is uncomplicated. The high velocity of the modern bullet at short ranges had produced an almost explosive effect, as was noticeable in many cases recently received from Port Arthur, these bullets shattering bones and lacerating muscular tissue, probably to a greater extent than had been experienced in any other war.

Not to intrude any technical description of the surgical work of the hospital, it is worth while to mention some of the operations, chiefly for the purpose of showing something of the excellent work that was and is being done at Hiroshima. Up to the time of our first visit

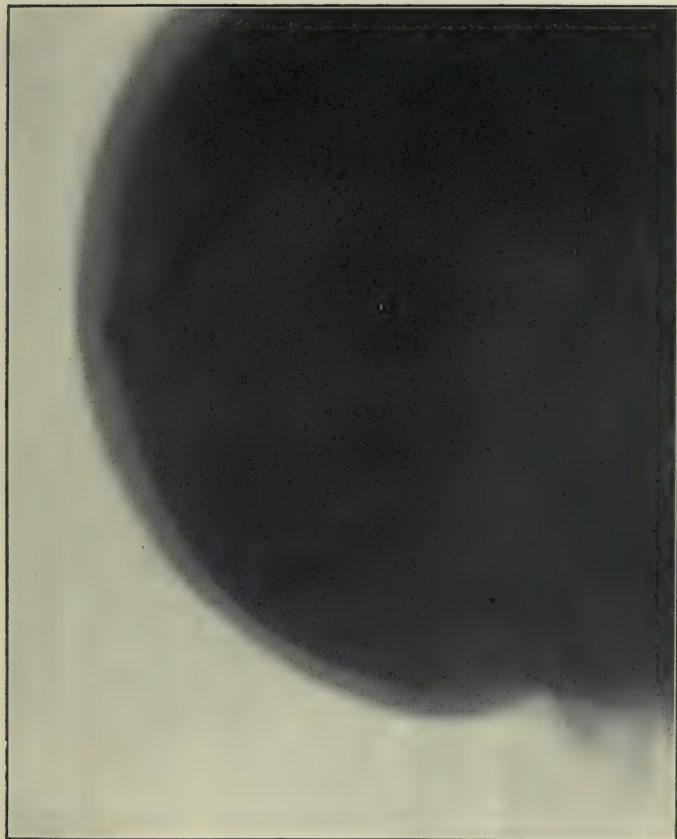
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in July, there had been more than six hundred operative cases and only six deaths. In one of the wards we found fifteen surgical cases, six of which had experienced hemorrhages from the lungs and several in the abdominal cavity as the result of bullet perforations. All were recovering and ten were able to stand and remain in that position while we were in the ward. Nine patients had been shot through the brain, the orifice of entrance and exit being plainly visible. All were recovering. Another case was that of a man shot directly over the region of the heart. There was no point of exit for the bullet, and he probably carries it around with him to-day. Another man was injured by a ball which entered beneath the middle of the right clavicle and went through the lungs. The ordinary flesh wounds scarcely needed any treatment at all, and there probably was never a hospital in the world where the percentage of the death rate was so low as in this great hospital at Hiroshima. Up to August 1st 9,862 cases had been received at the hospital, of which 6,636 were cases of the wounded. Of the

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entire number up to that time only thirty-four had died, the most marvelous exhibit of successful surgical and medical treatment as the result of war that the world has ever seen.

The convalescent patients had the enjoyment of beautiful surroundings to assist them in their full recovery. Attached to the old Buddhist temples are beautiful gardens such as the priests and the people of this delightful land rejoice in, each with its little lake and fountain, its red and yellow goldfish with many tails, its frogs and its shrubs and flowers. There are maples, pines, and evergreens, peach and cherry trees, ferns and pretty blossoms everywhere. In surroundings such as these the convalescents who were able to get out of doors spent their time. No more restful or wholesome scene could be found anywhere. The Japanese are probably as near to nature and nature's god as any people in the world. They love to watch the growth and development of plants and flowers, and their landscape effects, as is known to every one, are not to be surpassed. With this spirit imbued in



SHOT THROUGH THE BRAIN AND STILL ALIVE

X-Ray photograph of a man's head, showing at the top a Russian bullet, which had passed upward from the man's throat. The bullet was suc-

THE WOUNDED AT HIROSHIMA

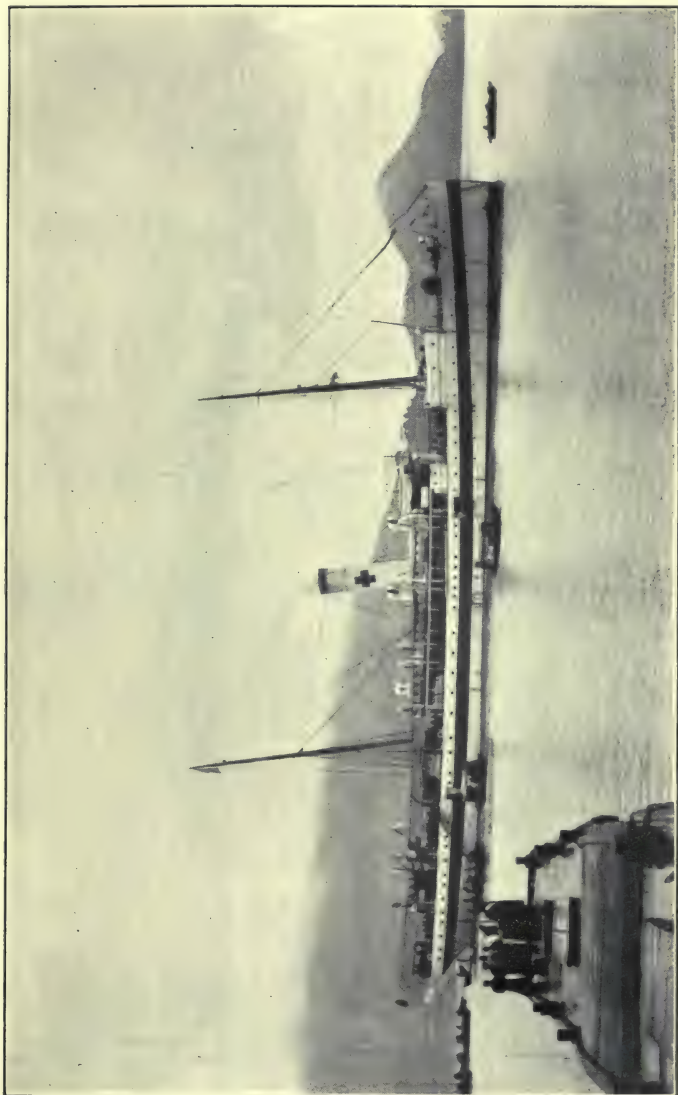
them and with these surroundings, it was not surprising that the convalescents seemed to make unusually rapid strides toward recovery. One thought was uppermost in the minds of all. It was a desire to get well quickly so that they might again return to the front to fight once more for their Emperor and their native land.

The wounded and the sick had been brought back to Japan on transports and hospital ships. There are three hospital ships for the army and two for the navy. While we were at Hiroshima one of these ships, the "Hakuai-Maru," arrived at Ujina—the port of Hiroshima, only three miles from the base hospitals. It was a great pleasure to examine this ship, which in its way was as thoroughly equipped as the hospitals at Hiroshima. This ship had accommodations for nearly three hundred patients, and was equipped with every necessity, from an operating room to a room for radiography. The vessel compared favorably with the best ships used by the English, German, and American navies. She had made seven trips to the zone of war and had brought back

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from the Yalu, Dalny, and several ports in the North altogether more than 2,200 sick and wounded, not one of whom was lost in transit.

One of the features that impressed itself as an evidence of the thoughtfulness of the medical authorities for the comfort of the wounded was the way they were brought on shore. The side hatches in the ship were open and the patients were simply taken out with as little effort and discomfort as if they were being taken from one room to another. In the hospitals and on the hospital ships there were bandages that the Empress of Japan had made herself. These bandages had been received by the Grand Chamberlain from the Empress, who sent them to the Ministers of the Army and Navy, and who, in turn, sent them to the divisional commanders. Again they were passed along until they finally reached the hospital ships. In order not to have them mixed with other bandages they were kept in separate places, and the number of them being limited, they were used at first for the officers only. Later there came a command from the Em-



RED CROSS HOSPITAL-SHIP *ILAKUAL MARU*

Harbor of Piti, Japan

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press through the Emperor that they should be used indiscriminately.

Whenever one of these bandages was applied the patient was informed that it had been made by Her Majesty the Empress. Such is the spirit of devotion of the Japanese soldier to the royal house that scores of them burst into tears and sobbed when told that the Empress had been so thoughtful of them in their hour of suffering. Almost to a man they believed that these bandages had miraculous powers, and such was the mental effect upon the patient in using them that most of them were washed and disinfected after using and made to do service many times after.

It was at Hiroshima and places like it that one first received bits of reliable intelligence of what was actually going on at the front. Of interest, especially applicable to the hospital situation, was the statement of one of the hospital surgeons who had been visiting the hospitals at the front just before the great Yalu fight. He said that of 14,000 men in one division there were only seventeen patients in quarters. Most of these cases were bron-

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chial, the disease having been contracted in bivouacking on wet ground on the march. Illustrative of the wonderful endurance of the Japanese soldier was the statement of a surgeon who had marched behind the army all the way from Chenampo to Wiju in Corea, a distance of nearly 250 miles. He said that not once did he see a straggler, or a sign of a straggler, from the army of more than 50,000 men who had gone up the almost impassable roads. One reason for the lack of stragglers undoubtedly was the simplicity of the ration which the troops carried. The ration consisted largely of rice packed firmly in a little box with compressed fish and army biscuits, a few salted plums, a little tea, and a juicy succulent pickle, all wrapped in a towel and slung over the soldier's back.

Those who had been at the front described at some length the bullets and shells of the enemy. The Japanese rifle-bullet is nickel-plated over lead, and the rifle has an initial velocity of 700 meters the first second. Its diameter is 6.5 millimeters, and its range is 3,000 meters. It is long and has a slightly

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smaller diameter than the Russian ball. It seems to be absolutely aseptic, except when it ricochets and carries foreign matter, such as dirt, particles of cloth, etc., into the wound. The field-gun, we learned, has a range of 6,000 meters with an initial velocity of about 500 meters. The range of the mountain-gun was given to us as 4,000 meters.

No matter what the range and velocity of these weapons, however, one had only to visit the hospitals in Hiroshima to be astounded at the amount of perforation a man can stand from a rifle when the ball does not strike an absolutely vital spot. While we were at the hospital we met a man who had just returned from the siege of Port Arthur, where he had crawled up a mountain as far as he could and had seen something of the fighting there. He brought back a Russian shell that served to show to some extent why the Japanese have been more successful in their fighting than the Russians. The shell had failed to explode because the fuse had burned off. The shell was dated 1886, the figures being stamped on it, which shows how Russia was prepared for

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war. It was scarred on one side where it had struck the earth, but the powder which was removed later would scarcely ignite because of its old age.

By way of contrast to the scenes in the hospitals, the departure of Marshal Oyama and his staff with General Fukushima from Ujina for Manchuria on July 11th was a spirited occasion. The people flocked to the waterfront by the thousands and displayed great quantities of bunting. They lined the streets as the long procession of jinrikishas containing the Marshal and his subordinates passed from their hotels to the transport. The attitude of the people toward Marshal Oyama was that of grave reverence. He had just come from the Mikado's presence and it was as if something of the personal spirit of the royal house was hovering over the entire party about to leave. When the ship finally sailed there was the usual amount of "banzais." The people watched the vessel slowly leave, and it was not until it passed into the sunset that they dispersed to their homes, smiling and happy, as they thought of their great Marshal passing to



GENERAL KUROPATKIN

Commanding the Russian forces in Manchuria

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the front, to fight for the preservation of their national honor and the integrity of their native land.

On the ship with Oyama went a young officer who had succeeded in winning our warm admiration and friendship. We had met socially several times, and before he said good-by he remarked:

“ You people of the West love your God. You fight for your God and you die for him. Our people love their Emperor, their Mikado. They fight for him, they die for him. I go to die for my Emperor. Like the rest of my fellow officers, I too have put on the white kimona.”

CHAPTER IV

AMONG THE RUSSIAN PRISONERS

ONE had to cross the beautiful island-studded Inland Sea from Ujina to Matsuyama to come face to face with another phase of the results of war. It is at Matsuyama that Japan quarters her prisoners, and in her treatment of them she has furnished another surprise in warfare. Up to the middle of July she had about 1,300 prisoners, of whom a large portion had been wounded. Probably no prisoners of war ever enjoyed such comfort and such liberty as the Russians now sojourning at Matsuyama.

The officers had quarters in a magnificent Buddhist temple in a wooded park, near a crystal lake, where many-tailed goldfish sported under the lotus and the iris, and century-old cryptomeriæ cast their grateful shadows over a scene of beauty. The other prisoners were stationed in temples and large bamboo bar-

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racks and hospital wards, and were made most comfortable. They were solid, thick-set, well-built young men capable of great physical endurance, heavier and a little taller than their Japanese antagonists. Their physical condition could not have been better, and results almost equal to those obtained by the surgeons at Hiroshima had been secured among the sick and wounded.

Matsuyama is a picturesque old town with a population of about 40,000, and has as its chief attraction the grand castle formerly occupied by one of the great daimios or feudal lords. It is also a military station, and while there we saw the Japanese troops drilling and perfecting themselves, largely for the sake of muscular development and discipline, in the German "goose-step." Our credentials readily secured us a warm welcome, and we were immediately told that we were at liberty to visit the Russian prisoners, as we desired, and could even take what gifts to them we chose. We supplied them with a large quantity of cigarettes, for which they were exceedingly grateful. Although they were restrained within

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certain limits adjoining their quarters it was difficult to realize that they were prisoners. The uniform of the Japanese soldiers on guard was so inconspicuous that there seemed to be almost a complete lack of any check upon the prisoners' desire to go where they wished and do as they pleased. However, their privileges were limited and their obedience to orders was implicit. The food especially pleased them. The customary ration of the Russian soldier consists of as much good hot broth, or soup, as he cares to eat, made principally of vegetables, with a few bones or a bit of meat thrown in; and a loaf of black rye bread, so sour that one wonders how they can chew it. The Japanese were feeding them with fish, soups, vegetables, white bread, fruit, and even delicacies. I ate a slice of thin fresh bread hot from the oven and found it delicious. Many of the prisoners declared frankly they had never fared better in their lives.

Absolutely unprecedented in the history of military operations was the "Prisoners' Intelligence Bureau," which Japan established to look after their condition, to conduct corre-

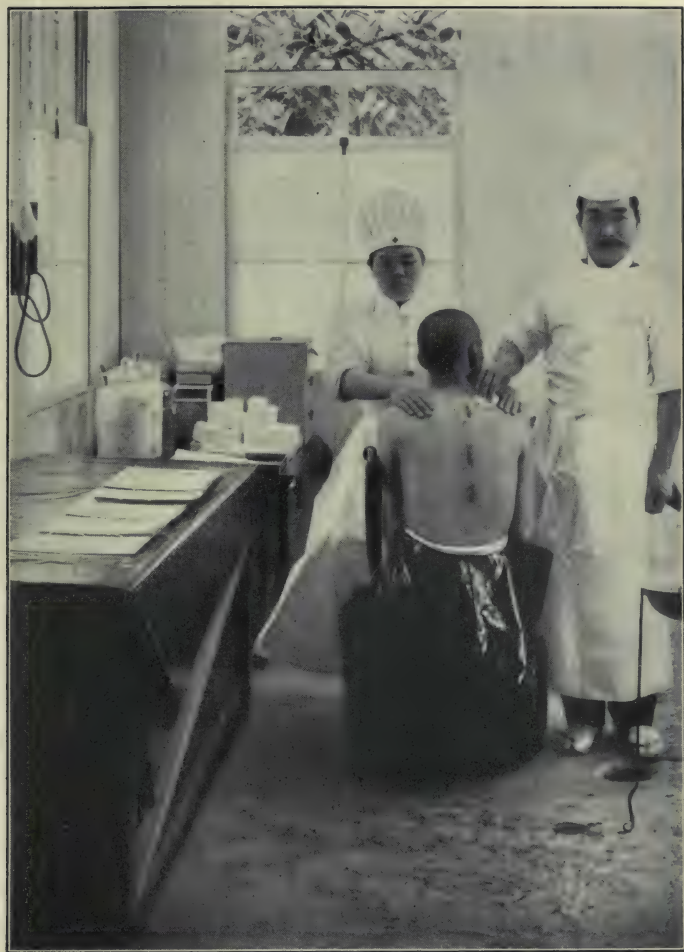
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spondence in reply to letters of inquiry, to take charge of their gifts, whether of money or other things, to preserve letters and various effects left behind by dead prisoners, to be forwarded later to the family and relatives, to communicate to them the names of their companions who had been killed or wounded, so far as the Japanese officials could learn; in other words, to give them as much information as could be consistently furnished under the conditions of war.

Soon after the first arrival of the Russian prisoners the Home Minister in Japan sent instructions to the Prefect at Matsuyama to the effect that inasmuch as they had been captured in the performance of their duties, they were entitled to respect and sympathetic treatment. The Minister ordered that the police should be instructed to prevent the local inhabitants from crowding around them on their arrival, or from uttering words of insult or of unnecessary irritation. Later the Commander of the Japanese brigade made an address to the Russian prisoners and said that the military authorities were desirous of showing them

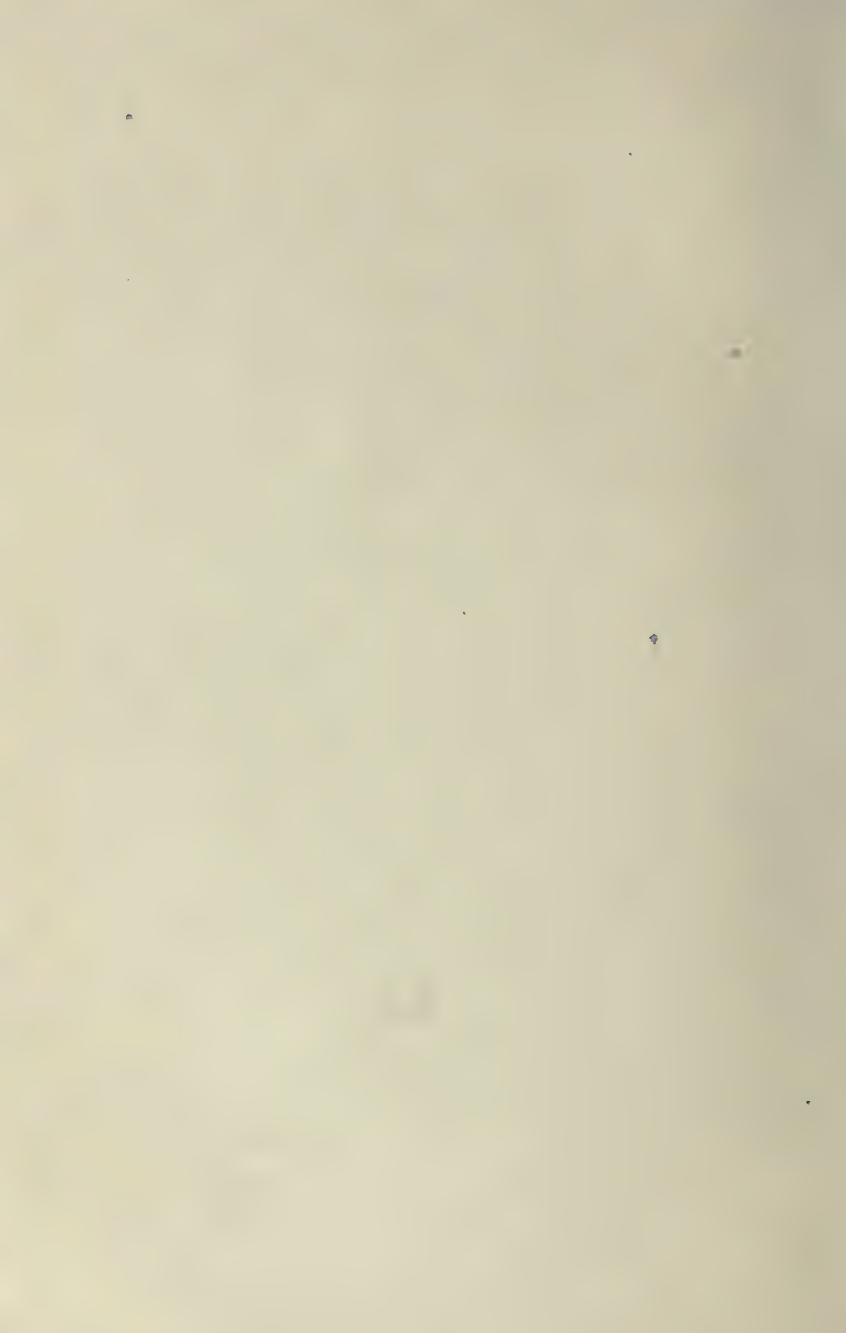
all the courtesies and kindness possible, and asked them to suggest what they would like to have done. One of them, speaking for the others, proposed they should be granted permission to read at least one foreign newspaper, and allowed to visit their wounded comrades occasionally. He said the Japanese people who seemed desirous of seeing them should not be dispersed by the police, as they had been, because the prisoners were confident that the people had nothing in their hearts against them and were inspired only by feelings of kindness and sympathy. All of these requests were granted.

The result of this humane and unusual treatment of war prisoners was shown at once in the mental condition of the Russians. They were cheerful, surprisingly happy, and amused themselves with card-games, ball-playing, and wandering about enjoying the novelty of their new surroundings. Their quarters were kept scrupulously clean, they answered every roll call with military promptness and precision, and obeyed orders implicitly. They had expected cruelties, and were astonished to find



HOSPITAL SCENE AT MATSUYAMA

Showing Russian prisoner wounded by fragments of a shell,
Japanese surgeon, and Red Cross nurse



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themselves surrounded by what they were pleased to call a paradise. Instead of receiving the knout, they were the recipients of luxuries and kindness, with the result that they are happy and contented, and in days to come the memories of their enforced residence in Japan will probably be among the happiest of their lives.

The first Russian prisoners reached Matsuyama on March 16th. There were four of them, two of whom had been wounded and were sent to the hospital for treatment. Probably unique in the history of conflicts between nations was a letter sent by the Japanese Minister of the Navy to one of these wounded Russians, expressing sympathy for him and his companions, and saying that he recognized the fact that the Russians were fighting devotedly for their fatherland. The Minister said he hoped they would be made comfortable, and would soon recover. It is interesting to note that when the Russians arrived at Matsuyama in increasing numbers, those from the navy had copies of the Russian naval calendar, and in this calendar mention was made of the at-

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tempted assassination of the present Czar at Otsu, Japan, when as Czarewitch he was making a tour around the world. It is thought that these calendars had been supplied to the Russians to inspire them with hatred of the Japanese. The prisoners always asked their interpreter, when the town was decorated with flags, where the latest victory of the Japanese occurred, whether on land or sea, and when they learned of further defeats of the Russian forces, it was noticeable that they were absorbed in thought for several hours, but they always showed their gratitude for presents given to them on these occasions by the Japanese in the way of consolation.

It was not long before the Russian prisoners were seeking for opportunities to show their appreciation of the kind treatment they had received. When told that arrangements were being made to try to send some of them home, a large number implored permission to remain in Japan. They said they must repay the kindness shown to them by the Japanese, and they were willing to undertake any service or sacrifice to show their gratitude and appreciation.

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This request, of course, could not be entertained. Early in April eight of the wounded prisoners were delivered to the French Consul at Kobe and returned to Russia. They expressed the most enthusiastic gratitude for their treatment, but said they hoped the Russian Consul at Shanghai would be able to find them some Russian uniforms in place of the Japanese garments which they were compelled to wear, and in which they did not feel entirely comfortable. As they were leaving Japan, the spokesman of the party said:

“We have been treated everywhere as friends rather than enemies, and we shall always remember the kindness and humanity shown to us by the Japanese—the doctors, the nurses, and people.”

The authorities at Matsuyama were even more indulgent to the officers of the Russian prisoners than to the rank and file of their own army. Near Matsuyama are the famous Dogo Hot Springs, which draw visitors from all parts of the Kingdom and which are really one of the most attractive of the many beautiful resorts in the Land of the Rising Sun. The

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authorities provided the Russian officers with Japanese clothes to be worn on the occasion of their visits to these baths, and up to July 20th they had made two visits to the resort, and had enjoyed themselves with much delight. At the time of our visit the Russian officers were to be seen walking about, apparently as they pleased, and always in excellent spirits. One of them, however, took his imprisonment much to heart. He was Colonel Mertchansky, the commander of an infantry regiment, who was so depressed over his capture that he confined himself to his room and refused to be comforted. One of the officers, a sub-lieutenant, had overstepped the bounds of the privileges accorded to him, and had assaulted a guard at Matsuyama. He was the only man to offend in this direction, and was punished by being put under "open arrest" for seven days.

Notwithstanding the kindness shown to them at Matsuyama, five men, one an officer and four privates, attempted to escape. They disappeared and were not found until four days later, when two companies of Japanese soldiers

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were maneuvering in the suburbs of Yoshida, a seacoast village a few miles from the quarters of the prisoners, and accidentally ran across the fugitives and took them back to their barracks. The deserters wore kimonos and had their hair cut closely and their mustaches shaved off. They were an excellent imitation of the Japanese. They carried with them tinned meats, drinking water, umbrellas, knives, and a map of Japan in English. They said they had been hiding in the forest, hoping to find an opportunity of escape by hiring a boat, or stealing one. They wanted to reach Kobe, where they had heard a Jewish resident would help them in escaping from the country. The sound of musketry made by the soldiers at practise so frightened them that they became disconcerted and revealed their hiding place.

The officer of the party was a Cossack captain named Mellonsky. When brought back to the prison he was asked to give his parole, but with high spirit declined, and he was placed in close confinement. Captain Mellonsky said about his escapade:

“ It was a great mistake on our part to have

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escaped into the forest. Unlike the forests in Russia, there can be found nothing to eat in the woods of Japan."

There were at Matsuyama, up to the time of our visit, about 600 Russian wounded in the hospital. There had been only six deaths, although some of the cases treated were the results of frightful injuries from saber, shell, or bullet. One case in particular attracted our attention. A disk of iron, two and one-quarter inches in diameter and three-eighths of an inch thick—the base of a shrapnel shell, with eighteen cavities for bullets—had been buried in the fleshy part of the back of one of the prisoners for six weeks. It was removed by an operation three days before our visit, and the wound from the operation was in excellent condition. When we entered the ward the patient was actually walking around and stood while we examined the wound. He refused to sit down except when compelled to do so. It seemed to us as if nothing could kill some of these men.

Another striking evidence of the spirit of kindness in the Japanese toward their pris-

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oners of war was displayed when it was announced in June that Her Majesty the Empress, who had been personally making bandages for use on the field and in the hospitals, would from her own purse provide artificial eyes, arms, and legs for the Japanese soldiers and that also she had decided to offer similar gifts to the Russian prisoners under treatment in the hospitals. It was a gracious act, and the Russians themselves made no secret of displaying their high appreciation of the kindness of the Mikado's consort. Willing as the Japanese were to have gifts sent to the prisoners and to allow visitors to converse with them, the authorities drew the line at some of the presents. These were books sent by Russian revolutionists. The Japanese authorities declined to participate in the spread of the doctrines of anarchy or revolution, and the books were returned to the donors with the remark that they were respectfully declined.

The visitor did not remain long in contact with these Russian prisoners before a somewhat remarkable fact impressed itself upon him. The prisoners at Matsuyama were all

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from White Russia, mostly Finns and Poles, with a decided sprinkling of Jews. Pondering on the recent monstrous atrocities at Kishineff and at beautiful Helsingfors, and the woes of these people in their own unhappy land, the thought was forced upon us that his Imperial Majesty the Czar of all the Russias was emulating with emphasis the illustrious example of David of old with Uriah, in sending these people as cannon fodder to the Orient, where the more killed the better for the safety of his throne at home.

We had been escorted about the barracks and grounds where the prisoners were confined by an officer who asked if I would not address the prisoners before I left. He gave a sharp command at one of the temples, and a hundred and fifty Russians at once formed themselves in a line and stood in the attitude of attention. The officer told the prisoners that we were from America and explained something of our mission. It was a pleasure to note the rapt attention of the detained men as I said a few words in German, which could be understood by a number of them. The



HOSPITAL SCENE AT MATSUYAMA

Showing Russian prisoners, Red Cross nurses, and hospital staff

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speech was in the nature of consolation, advice, and compliment, and when it was finished we were startled by a series of deep barks, wow-wow-wow—veritable wolf cries. It was the salute that the men commonly give to their officers upon formal occasions, and as I had often heard it in 1899 in their camps at Port Arthur.

When we left Matsuyama it was with a feeling that Japan, in the treatment of her prisoners, as in her efforts for the prevention of disease among soldiers, had not only surpassed all previous records, but had established a new standard of humanity for the nations of the future.

CHAPTER V

AT THE GREAT NAVAL BASES OF JAPAN

THOSE who have sought a reason for Japan's success on the field of arms and in grappling with disease, have attributed it to her far-sightedness. The whole aim of her statesmanship for ten years has been to place her in a state of preparedness for the great conflict which she is now waging. While it is eminently just to say that Japan's statesmen have been far-sighted, one does not begin to realize what this means until he visits the great arsenals, shops, and docks.

It is a novel thing even in times of peace for a nation to allow visitors to examine arsenals, storehouses, and shops devoted to the making of war material. When a nation is at war, it is almost unheard of that outsiders are allowed to visit such plants. Japan, however, seems to be an exception to the general rule in many

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respects in warfare, and therefore it was with unexpected pleasure that we learned we could visit the great shops at Kure and examine the plant and buildings at Sasebo.

Kure, on the northern coast of the Inland Sea, is reached on the return by steamer from Matsuyama. It is situated in a picturesque amphitheatre of mountains, with a deep harbor, making it an ideal site for an extensive collection of buildings. Here is a comparatively level stretch of ground that curves for a distance of from one and a half to two miles along the inner harbor, with storehouses, ship-building yards, gun-foundries, dry docks, and machine-shops of all kinds, whose output is being used in the war. Although this plant was only founded in 1889, it employs to-day no less than 15,000 men, about 9,000 of whom are engaged in the manufacture of ordnance, with 2,000 in what is called the engineering department, and about 4,000 in the various departments of construction. The man who presides over this immense establishment is Admiral Yamanouchi, its founder.

The first impression the visitor receives as

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he approaches the plant at Kure, is that he has suddenly been brought face to face with a steel-making plant in the United States, such as those in Pittsburg. Fully one hundred enormous buildings startle the eye. Chimneys by the score thrust their protruding lengths into the heavens, pouring out ceaseless volumes of black smoke. Here indeed the visitor feels that the march of Occidental progress has reached the innermost life of Japan. Here in Kure the wonderful development of the Japanese, since the doors were opened by Commodore Perry, is probably best understood. Half a century ago these people were first brought into contact with modern ideas. Their art was delicate; they could paint and make bronzes, embroider exquisitely in silk, work in silver and gold and produce marvelous porcelains, but their ships were no more than junks, with which the caravels of Columbus would bear favorable comparison. Their weapons were essentially archaic, and they were devoid of any knowledge of mechanical construction as it is now known and practised. To-day at Kure one finds them building modern war-

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ships, turning out thirteen-inch rifled-cannon, constructing enormous dry docks, and manufacturing projectiles, torpedoes and mines with surprising proficiency and rapidity. It is at Kure that Japan is absolutely modern and, if one might say so, even more than modern, for she has improved on western methods in the manufacture of war material in more than one respect.

There seemed to be no place in this vast mechanical establishment in which the visitor was not welcome. No secrets were guarded; a surprising condition at an arsenal of war. One had simply to express a desire to see a certain department and to examine into Japanese methods, and forthwith he was escorted there and the fullest details of operation were explained. The officials seemed to regard it as a compliment that visitors from America were interested. They were proud to show what they had accomplished in a few years.

It would be undesirable to catalogue that immense plant in a brief chapter, but the operations disclosed in some of the buildings may be mentioned. There, for example, close

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to the sea-wall, was an immense storehouse filled with floating mines. The mines were of two kinds, those exploded by contact and those discharged by electricity from shore. The mines varied from two to three and a half feet in diameter, and with their equipment of floats, anchors and chains made an impressive spectacle. In another part of the establishment were two large dry docks, one of which can accommodate the largest battle-ship in the world. A short distance farther on was a ship-yard, where hundreds of workmen were engaged in constructing torpedo-boats and destroyers, nine of which have been built within a short time. There were boiler-shops, foundries, blast-furnaces, and traveling-cranes, all in active operation, and the noise of the works was comparable to that of the busiest steel plant in the United States or Europe.

There was one building, however, whose operations revealed to us more than any other the thoroughness of Japan's far-sightedness in preparing for war. It was a low shed where stokers were being trained in the work of distributing coal evenly and regularly over the

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great furnaces under the boilers of war-ships. Probably no other nation in the world ever thought of making such preparations for training what might be called its cheapest labor in expeditious methods of work.

Here were long lines of men doing nothing but shoveling for hours at a time. They were not shoveling coal, but large stones or pebbles, supposed to represent coal, into a series of ovens. The pebbles were dumped from the ovens on an iron floor. The men then shoveled them back into the supposed furnaces of war-ships. Hour after hour this work went on, the stokers seeming to execute their tasks with as much enthusiasm as if they were actually on board a war-ship and engaged in hostile operations.

There were also places, chiefly wooden buildings, for the instruction of seamen, marines, blacksmiths, engineers, and, indeed, of every grade of labor, skilled and unskilled, that could be used either at home or on sea, in naval operations. Adjoining the instruction houses was a large drill ground where bluejackets and marines were constantly going through evolu-

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tions and being trained as military units for efficient service. Sometimes they had guns, sometimes sticks, and sometimes light artillery, but their spirits were exuberant and their attention to work was keen and unfailing.

At another point one could see great foundries, tremendous trip-hammers and the melting-furnaces used in making cannon. Vessels filled with molten steel were being shunted by overhead cranes from place to place, and from time to time these enormous cups were tilted over and their liquid contents poured out into great receptacles as easily as a housewife pours tea at her table or at an afternoon reception. There was no confusion or noise in these tasks. The ease with which these castings for great guns were made is another tribute to the Japanese quality of moving along the lines of least resistance and of making as little show or confusion or noise as possible in any task they have to perform, whether great or small.

The ordnance department of the Kure establishment, not only includes the manufacture of cannon, but of projectiles of all kinds, as well as Whitehead torpedoes and explosive mines.

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Admiral Yamanouchi, as I have said, was practically the founder of this department, and through his efficient study and work the best systems in similar manufacturing in the United States and Europe have been adopted. Although the plant was established fifteen years ago, it was comparatively a small one until the end of the war between China and Japan in 1894. Since that time Japan, foreseeing the conflict with Russia, has made every possible effort to improve the capacity of the works, and in the last eight years has more than trebled their output.

The great works are not complete yet, and probably will not be for several years. Japan has been building her own war-ships of small dimensions, but has had to rely upon other nations to construct her battle-ships. She has had no armor-plants, but one of the developments of the Kure establishment is now a department for making armor. Early in July the workmen were laying the foundations for an enormous hydraulic trip-hammer, and probably early in 1905 the appliances for making modern armor will be nearly complete.

FROM TOKIO THROUGH MANCHURIA

Japan has her own iron, copper, and coal mines, and through her students, who have circled the globe and fathomed the mysteries of the manufacture of war material, she is now able to turn out everything of that kind that she needs, depending mainly upon her own resources. Not only is the product at Kure astonishing, but its possibilities are even more so.

Having returned to Hiroshima, with keen anticipations we started at two o'clock one morning by rail for our visit to the other great naval base, Sasebo, on the extreme western coast of Kiushiu, facing the Korean strait. By good fortune we encountered on the train Captain E. Yamaki, retired, constructor of the Imperial Japanese Navy, to whose kind offices we were much indebted for the success of our visit, as well as for help in an accident that threatened seriously to delay us. About ten o'clock in the morning we were halted by a railway wreck that tied up the line. Captain Yamaki secured jinrikishas for us and we rode some six miles through a beautiful valley to another station where a train had been made up to take us on our journey. The

GREAT NAVAL BASES OF JAPAN

hills and mountains on either side were studded with thatched cottages of peasants, resembling Swiss chalets, but much more picturesque. This was a region where the inhabitants are largely engaged in making pottery. Every cottage seemed to be a little plant for the development of this beautiful Japanese art. The secrets of pottery making are kept in families and transmitted from generation to generation. Each man knows his own work just as a painter can tell his own picture, and it is a matter of family pride to preserve the characteristics of the art which have been developed after centuries of labor by their ancestors.

When we reached the next station we heard something of the nature of the accident which had delayed us. It appeared that a local merchant had had a great amount of trouble with the railway company. He said excessive freight charges were levied on him. There was discrimination to the detriment of his business, and he could secure no satisfaction, either in an actual reduction of rates or in promises that seemed likely to bear fruit. He then de-

FROM TOKIO THROUGH MANCHURIA

cided that he would "get even" by tying up the railroad's business. Accordingly, he placed obstructions on the track and wrecked the train that had preceded us down the line. Four persons were killed, half a dozen seriously hurt, and there was great damage to the road-bed and rolling-stock. We never learned the final outcome of the accident, but it is doubtful if the personal satisfaction which the angry merchant received compensated him for the punishment the law administered.

The following night we passed in Shimonoseki, the historic place where the treaty of peace between China and Japan was signed in 1895 by Li Hung Chang, representing the Son of Heaven, and Marquis Ito, representing the Emperor of Japan. This document ceded to Japan all that territory on the mainland of China which later, by the machinations of a concert of the Continental nations she was forced to give up, and on which the terrible tragedy of war is now being enacted. Opposite Shimonoseki is the harbor of Moji, where we saw twenty transports being loaded for departure to the front. Near-by was a transport

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that had been sunk, her funnel protruding from the water. She had been hit by a shot from one of Russia's Vladivostock fleet, but through the energy of the crew and the helpful service of water-tight compartments had been able to make port before sinking.

That afternoon we reached Sasebo. Here is probably the most picturesque and otherwise remarkable port in all Japan. It is practically invulnerable, and being within striking distance of the coast of China and Corea, is admirably situated for a naval base. The port is a dozen or fifteen miles from the sea, surrounded by lofty mountains and so securely hidden among them that no hostile fleet could ever hope to follow the tortuous channel of approach without danger of complete annihilation. Its dry docks are among the largest in the world and its arsenal a perfect beehive of industry. When the war with Russia began, more than two hundred vessels of war, battle-ships, cruisers, torpedo-boats, destroyers, transports, and other ships were gathered there. It was from Sasebo that practically all the fleets of Japan set out on their mission when they inflicted the

FROM TOKIO THROUGH MANCHURIA

staggering blow which Russia received at the very outset of the war, and which marked the beginning of hostilities.

Not only is Sasebo the great naval base for the storage of war material, the repair of ships, and the distribution of supplies, but high up on a shaded eminence, overlooking the harbor, which from that altitude resembles a Swiss mountain lake, is the chief naval hospital of Japan, with Surgeon-General Totsuka, F.R.C.S., in charge. Vice-Admiral Shibayama gave us the heartiest kind of a welcome, and like the officials at Kure was desirous of showing us all that was to be seen there. He seemed to take delight in the fact that Japan feared nothing from knowledge of what other nations would closely guard as secrets. He detailed an officer to accompany us to the arsenal, the dry docks, the busy forges, and the repair-shops, and it was with great interest that we thus saw the various kinds of Russian submarine mines that had been recovered by the Japanese in the Pechili Gulf in and around Port Arthur. These mines had been gathered by the Japanese naval vessels, and were brought to

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Sasebo to be transferred later to Kure for further investigation, or to be otherwise utilized.

Neither the United States, nor probably any nation in Europe, has such a naval base as this tremendous plant at Sasebo. Here one finds the greatest activity in the shipping of war material. There are immense storehouses, machine-shops, coal-heaps, and other stores. There is even a stone-crushing plant, besides factories for the manufacture of clothing and other commissary supplies, as well as extensive buildings for making subsidiary apparatus for war purposes, such as diving-machinery, pumps, and cranes, and a score of electric devices now used in war. The vast system of transports was set in operation largely from Sasebo, and we were informed that the reception and transshipment of as much as seven thousand tons of war material a day was not an uncommon thing. It is at Sasebo that repairs to the vessels of Admiral Togo's fleet have been made, and it is also at Sasebo that the great storehouses for war material are situated. Naval rations are also made there. Storehouses were filled with every variety of quartermaster's ma-

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terial, boots and shoes, blankets, canned meats, and in fact everything that is eaten or worn by the officers or men of Japan's ships of war.

Passing from these storehouses to the hospital on the hill, we found that the results of surgical and medical practice were similar to those seen at Hiroshima and Matsuyama. At the time of our visit, Surgeon-General Tot-suka said that of the two hundred and twenty-five cases received at the hospital, and representing casualties in battle, only five had died. We were here indebted to Dr. H. Sonobe for assistance in the prosecution of our inquiries and for photographs of the wounded. Wounds received in naval fighting are far more severe than those received in fighting on land, because fragment of shells, being ragged bits of metal, cause terrible lacerations, contusions, and compound fractures. Then there are many cases of burns from explosions and scalds from steam. Wounds of the head, neck, and abdomen predominate in naval fighting. It was a pleasure to note that all the patients looked vigorous and happy and were gaining weight under their enforced idleness. Their first ques-

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tion was as to when they might be able to return to their posts of duty. Indeed, in this entire hospital there was only one patient presenting an unfavorable prognosis, and he was suffering from tubercle, and had not been at the front.

Truly Kure and Sasebo revealed, as no other places could reveal, the far-sightedness of Japan in preparing for her great war.

CHAPTER VI

FROM NAGASAKI VIA SHANGHAI TO CHEFOO

AROUSSED as Japan is by the most intense spirit of patriotism displayed in modern times, the effects of the war are shown most vividly in the zone reaching from Tokio on the east, to Nagasaki on the west, and lying chiefly along the famous Inland Sea. Having witnessed the spirit of the people in the capital of the nation, and noted the devotion and self-sacrifice of all classes, from the east of the Empire to the west; having visited the great hospitals, arsenals, and naval bases; having witnessed the evidences of the chivalrous treatment of prisoners of war, we passed on to Nagasaki, which, like Ujina and Moji, was a port of departure of the army for the scene of hostilities.

Nagasaki was the first port at which foreign

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intercourse with the Empire was established. In very early times Dutch traders were here assigned a small island-area adjacent to the native city wherein they were rigorously confined. Until the opening of the country by treaty with our envoy, Commodore Perry, here was carried on the only intercourse permitted with foreigners, which was conducted under the most onerous restrictions. The contrast of conditions existing at present is an index of the rapid advances made by Japan in the past fifty years.

The harbor is completely land-locked, approached only by a long and tortuous channel, easily and completely defended by fortifications on the high hills encircling it. In some respects it recalls Santiago, but the length of the approach is much greater and the hills on either side much higher and the whole entourage far more picturesque. It is far and away the most beautiful open port in the Far East, and is a favorite resort of the ships of war of all nations. Extensive coal-mines are situated on a small island just without the harbor, their galleries extending far under the sea itself.

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The facilities for rapidly coaling ships here, entirely by gangs of young girls and women, are probably unequaled in any port of Christendom. Hence Nagasaki has become a favorite port of call for steamers requiring to coal. Its commercial importance, however, has been greatly impaired by the comparatively recent opening of Kobe, which taps the chief tea-producing districts that formerly had their outlet here.

We had the good fortune to be still under the escort of Captain Yamaki, retired, of the Japanese navy, and through his kind offices we learned much of the ship-building interests of Japan—interests that are as essential to her welfare as are similar industries to Great Britain's.

The Japanese are alive to the fact that after they win the war with Russia, as they confidently expect to do, they must perfect their own ship-building industry in order to complete their commercial independence. Marked evidences of this spirit are seen at Nagasaki.

Extensive dry docks and shipyards have been established, where ocean liners of 6,000

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tons and upward have been successfully constructed and compete on even terms with the established foreign lines for the traffic to America, Australia, and Great Britain. No less than eight steamships are now under construction at the Mitsu Bishi Dockyard and Engine Works. One of these is destined for Trans-Pacific service, and will probably be in operation by the summer of 1905. Most of the other vessels will be used in the trade of the China Seas. The Japanese Toyo Kisen Kaisha, or Steamship Company, not only declared its usual dividends of 12 per cent. in 1904, but perfected plans to construct two 15,000-ton passenger steamships at Nagasaki. Japan has the raw-material for ship-building, but at present only about one-third of that required is manufactured there. It is only a question of time, however, before the spirit of enterprise will completely equip this industry in all essential details. Another plant is located at Kobe, and the ship-building company there not long ago gained distinction by bidding against English and German competitors for the construction of a large vessel and

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was awarded the contract. As a result the company received several orders for new ships, one of which was for a gunboat for China.

No one who has seen what the Japanese are doing in the way of making their own ordnance, munitions, projectiles, and explosives, and other war material, or who has witnessed the perfection of detail in their transportation and commissariat services, can doubt for a moment the ultimate outcome of her ambition to become the England of the Pacific, supreme in maritime enterprise.

One of the leading ship-building enterprises of Nagasaki has for its superintendent Mr. Crowe, a most capable and efficient Scotchman, with long experience in marine construction on the Clyde. In his company we saw a grim reminder of one of the most terrible scenes of the present war. There in the dry dock, her sides rent and torn and her machinery badly wrecked, was the transport "Sado-Maru," which on June 16th, in company with her companion ship "Hitachi-Maru" and the transport "Idzumi," had been torpedoed by the Russian Vladivostok squadron, under Ad-

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miral Skrydloff, in the Straits of Corea. It will be remembered that the "Idzumi" was sunk with her troops on board, no quarter being given by the Russians after the troops had refused to surrender. The "Hitachi-Maru" went down after one of the most thrilling exhibitions of the love of country probably ever known. The Russian squadron had fired mercilessly on the transport, but with certain death facing them the Japanese soldiers refused to surrender, and escaped capture either by killing themselves or by jumping into the sea. To the everlasting disgrace of Russia, and with a brutality the like of which probably has not been seen in modern warfare, one of the Russian war-ships fired upon the defenseless and helpless soldiers in the water, and stained the sea for hundreds of yards with their blood. Just before the "Hitachi-Maru" went down, Lieutenant-Colonel Suchi, commander of the regiment, had the regimental flag brought to the deck, and there burned it rather than have it disgraced by capture, after which with the shout of "Banzai" he killed himself.

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Having despatched the "Hitachi-Maru," one of the Russian war-ships was ordered to sink the "Sado-Maru," on which there were a large number of non-combatants. Some of the latter were allowed to escape, but the Japanese military officials on board, like those on the other ships, would not listen to the demand to surrender, and they, too, prepared to yield up their lives rather than cry quarter. The Russians sent a torpedo through one side of the "Sado-Maru," tearing an angry hole over six feet in diameter, and then circling about the helpless ship, sent a second through her other side, all the time raking the vessel with projectiles. The army officers on the "Sado-Maru" expected to go down, and retired to the main cabin of the ship, where they wrote their farewell letters briefly, and, with champagne, toasted the Mikado and their native country, shouting their inspiring cries of "Banzai." It was their plan to commit Hari-kiri as the ship went down. Fortunately, the holes in the ship's sides were not vital, and some of the water-tight compartments enabled her to keep afloat after the Russian cruisers,



THE RUSSIAN BATTLE-SHIP CZAREVITCH

Showing injuries after the sortie of the fleet from Port Arthur, August 10, 1904

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under the belief that she was sinking, had fled north to escape pursuit by Admiral Kamimura. It was possible to beach the "Sado-Maru," and she had been towed to Nagasaki, where we saw her and walked through the rents in her sides as she lay in dry dock. It was marvelous to think that such a vessel could be kept afloat. This was in the middle of July, and on my return from Manchuria in September, the "Sado-Maru," completely repaired and lying off the shipyard in Nagasaki, was ready again for service. Since then she has done efficient work and has become one of the noted vessels of the nation.

It was here that early in the war Japan displayed in a single act something of the energy that led to her immediate success on the field of arms. The station of the railway was not situated in the center of the town, but about three miles from the water-front. One day early in the conflict, orders came to Nagasaki to prepare for the immediate shipment to Corea of some 10,000 troops. At the time a cricket-match was being played on the beautiful athletic grounds that lay on a direct line

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from the railroad station to the wharf where the troops were to embark. To facilitate the embarkation of the soldiers, orders were given to construct a railroad from the existing terminal to the water. Such was the energy of the Japanese that in twenty-four hours a fully equipped railroad three miles in length was laid straight through the town, across the cricket-ground where the match had been played only a few hours before, direct to the place of embarkation. Houses were torn down right and left, railroad ties and rails were laid with quick despatch, and when the troops arrived the trains went straight to the landing and the soldiers were put on board without confusion in detraining and without delay in the transportation of their baggage. The construction of this railroad was a typical exhibition of the agility and what might be called the reserve strength of the Japanese.

It was a pleasure to meet in Nagasaki two officials of the United States, Consul Charles B. Harris, who has served his country there for eighteen years, and Capt. Walter B. Barker, United States Army Quartermaster,

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whose duty it is to look after our army transports on their way to the Philippines and supply them with whatever is necessary. They are efficient public servants and every American in the Orient is proud to see his country so well represented. It was evident that little more was to be seen in Japan bearing upon the stirring conflict of arms, and so Dr. Trautman and I parted, he to return to New York, and I to seek fresh fields and pastures new.

It seemed best to go to the neighborhood of the zone of hostilities in the hope that some eventuality would occur whereby I might further study and investigate, not only the methods of war, but the treatment of the wounded and sick. It was therefore with only slight regret that I turned from Japan toward the west and started for Shanghai with the intention of going to Chefoo and possibly of ultimately reaching Newchwang or Port Arthur. Most impressive had been our journey through Japan, this land of the sealed lip and of people marvelously courteous, gentle, delicate, and refined, eager to adopt every good thing from the newer nations, and de-

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sirous of preserving the best ideals of their own civilization, wonderfully skilled in handicraft, in pottery, bronze, silver, and gold, and imbued with a patriotism the like of which probably the world has never seen before.

Two days after leaving Nagasaki, steaming into Shanghai harbor, I witnessed a spectacle that thrilled every drop of the American blood in my veins, for riding at anchor in the roadstead were seventeen men-of-war, from battle-ships to torpedo flotilla, flying the Stars and Stripes, under command of Rear-Admiral Sterling, U.S.N. Hastening ashore, for my mail at the Shanghai Club, I met many old friends in the limited stay of three hours that I enjoyed in this great center of trade in the Orient. It was a pleasure to meet and dine with Mr. Robert W. Little, the talented editor of the North China Herald, the most able and influential newspaper printed in the Orient, and to receive from him credentials that subsequently were of great service in and about Manchuria.

Hurrying on, we next sailed northward, and in two days more stopped at that most

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interesting place in China, Wei-Hai-Wei, where the British have their military zone of occupation in the north, and where they have solved the problem of making good soldiers of the Chinese. The fog lifted just after our arrival, and there we found nine war-ships flying the English flag. It was a beautiful scene, with the rugged hills of Shantung broken by the bay of Wei-Hai-Wei, and the moss-covered island in the harbor, with the fortress and little town in the distance, and the broad sea, like a mirror, dotted with junks, torpedo-boats, and scouting-vessels. It was in 1899 that I last visited Wei-Hai-Wei and had seen the excellent results that Colonel Bowers of the British garrison secured in making soldiers of the natives. Time has proved that the military policy of Great Britain in making troops of the natives in colonial possessions, with home officers to drill and lead them, has been eminently justified in China as well as in India and her other colonies.

For three hours, while our steamer was unloading, I walked around the garrison and town in company with Major F. C. Muspratt of

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the Thirtieth Punjabs of the British service, whom I found a delightful exponent of his profession, exceedingly alive to the international complications that have been going on for years in the attempt to divide China, complications whose first effect has been felt in and about the territory adjacent to the Gulf of Pechili.

While we were watching the native troops at Wei-Hai-Wei, and noting how efficient they had become, I could not but recall a scene that I witnessed in the interior of China in 1888, when one of China's armies was on the march. There are no highways in China, as we know them, except in the cities, and even there the streets are rarely over five or six feet wide. In the country the only roads are pathways. The sight of that Chinese army was one never to be forgotten. It was strung along for miles in single file. Each soldier had two coolies, one of whom pushed a wheelbarrow in front of him, on which were loaded his kit and weapons, consisting of bows and arrows, etc., and the other walked behind him, holding a large bamboo umbrella over his head to pro-

tect him from the sun. China is evidently beginning to wake up. China, the land where anything appertaining to the strenuous life has been regarded by the aristocratic and literary classes as degrading; where no one thinks of doing anything that he can hire some one to do for him; where a Mandarin will not cross the street unless he is carried in a sedan chair, and has a flunky put the stem of his pipe between his lips when he wishes to smoke and remove it when he has finished; where the men of the upper classes allow their finger nails to grow several inches in length, protecting them most carefully with gold sheaths to indicate their superiority to manual labor; where the idea of dancing, for example, is absolutely unknown, and life is an existence of passive pleasure, rather than of action. We were in a land now as slow to accept Western ideas as Japan had been quick to adopt them. Speaking of the lack of action among the higher classes, I recall a ball that I once attended in Hong Kong which was reported by a Chinaman for a native newspaper. In the course of his account, he said:

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“ The ways of these foreign devils were certainly most extraordinary, especially at night-time. After dinner they compelled their women to strip half-naked, and the men then seized them around their waists and whirled them around and around the room to the sound of the most fiendish music.”

We had now reached the land over which the hungry vultures of Europe had been hovering for many years in the expectation of seizing it and appropriating it to their own uses. The uppermost feeling was a desire to call upon China to arouse herself, a feeling which every visitor who has studied her history and civilization has shared as he has watched the gradual encroachment of other nations upon the entity of the Empire.

Secure in her isolation, with her great wall protecting her from the invasion of the Tartar and Mongol on the north, with the Tibetan mountain ranges and impassable plateaux and deserts on the west, with the impenetrable forests and deadly jungles of Burma on the south, and the Pacific Ocean on the east, China had been left for centuries to develop her own

ideals of literature, science, poetry, and art; with ideas of government that sought to rule by moral suasion rather than by force; with a philosophy whose great exponent, hundreds of years before the birth of Christ, had enunciated the golden rule: "Do not do to others what you would not have others do to you," China had passed into a state of somnolence from which modern events, like the war with Japan and the great Boxer uprising, assisted by Krupp guns and modern projectiles, has only partially aroused her. The reflection was uppermost as we walked about Wei-Hai-Wei that centuries may be required to complete the awakening of this sleeping people, but centuries count as little with a nation that was old when Chaldea was founded, that witnessed the building of the Pyramids and the passing of the Pharaohs, that saw the glory that once was called Greece and the grandeur that once was known as Rome. No one knows better than the British at Wei-Hai-Wei what will be the results when China is once aroused thoroughly and is quickened by the spirit of unrest and nervous energy that characterizes the West.

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When the awakening does come, let Goth and Visigoth, the Hun and the Vandal, the Muscovite and the Teuton look well to their laurels, for as sure as the sun rises, the Son of Confucius is still in the great race of civilization and he is there to stay.

As we left Wei-Hai-Wei for Chefoo, we could but recall that the English occupation of this strategical point in the Gulf of Pechili is dependent largely upon the result of the present war between Russia and Japan. England is pledged to give up Wei-Hai-Wei when the Russians give up Port Arthur, and the result of the fighting in Manchuria therefore involves the occupation of important territory even outside of the area of hostilities. Passing on, we soon reached Chefoo and received the hospitalities of that most capable American official, Consul-General John Fowler. Chefoo is the sole harbor of refuge remaining to despoiled China in her entire northern provinces. It can not be called a stronghold, for the harbor is simply an open roadstead exposed to the fury of the summer typhoons, and even during the ordinary gales merchantmen seek

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shelter under the distant bluffs on the opposite shore of the harbor, unable for days to work their cargoes.

Yet this harbor is a favorite rendezvous for the fleets of all nations, a convenient center whence to maneuver, and a health-station for their crews. The United States Consulate and those of several other nations, occupy the face of Yentai Hill, a situation of commanding beauty. In front stretches the clear, blue sea, relieved by the distant bluff and a few outlying islands; to the right stretches the beach in a long curve, on which stand the club and hotels, overcrowded at the time of our arrival with refugees from Port Arthur, representatives and correspondents from the various nations watching the effect of the war, and the summer health-seekers from the south during the heated term; directly at the foot of the hill in the rear lies the foreign settlement on a narrow strip of sand scarcely higher than tide-water, and beyond is the great walled native city, with its teeming population. A broad plain, intersected by deep nullahs, extends to the rugged hills encircling the whole and crowned with a

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miniature reproduction of the great wall of China.

This port during the tragic summer of 1900 was the only refuge in north China for the missionaries from the hinterland fleeing from the Boxer atrocities, and it was for his efficient service in their rescue that my worthy friend and host received his well-deserved promotion to be Consul-General. Mr. Fowler was also the recipient of an honorific umbrella and address from the Chinese authorities in recognition of his services in furthering peace and order during that trying crisis.

It is around Chefoo that the great game of diplomacy has been and is being played for the partition of China, a game which some of the nations are most reluctant to abandon. Even now as far up the Pechili Gulf as Shan-Hai-Kwan, where the end of the Chinese wall reaches the sea, the Hungry Wolves are represented by garrisons and various messengers of war and diplomacy, and there they sit watching one another and each eager to pounce upon part of the carcass of poor old China.



RUSSIAN CRUISER *KORIETZ* AFTER THE BATTLE

A picture taken in the harbor of Chemulpho

CHAPTER VII

AMONG THE RUSSIAN MINES IN THE GULF OF PECHILI

THE stir of war was felt everywhere in Chefoo. When the wind was favorable the distant boom of guns could be heard bombarding the Port Arthur fortresses. Refugees were frequently arriving and the possibility of the Russian evacuation of Newchwang and the Japanese occupation of the place as a fighting base and as a base of supplies for their armies on the advance in Manchuria was a topic of conversation. The movement of vessels through the Gulf of Pechili therefore assumed peculiar significance. One never knew when a Japanese fleet or a convoy of transports might be passing through these active waters, or when some naval engagement, or capture of transport or steamship laden with supplies might occur.

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Under these conditions, Chefoo experienced another tremor of excitement somewhat unusual in a neutral city. It had been rumored that not only had the Russians guarded the mouths of Port Arthur Harbor and the Liao River with floating mines, but that several had been set adrift in the gulf. It was known that the Japanese had captured a number of these mines which were supposed to have broken away from their moorings during a storm. Indeed, I had seen several of them thus secured when at the naval base at Sasebo. That the mines were actually adrift in the gulf was proved by the fact that some time before my arrival in Chefoo the captain of a Chinese junk had found one lying in the open sea and had towed it into Chefoo Harbor. The officials of the port were dumfounded at the man's assurance in bringing such a horrible thing into a peaceful harbor, and ordered him to remove it at once. Sailing beyond the limits of the authorities he landed on the north of the Chefoo Bluff. Sharing one of the national traits of the Chinese, he was inordinately curious to know what was inside of that mine.

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With eight or ten of his friends he instituted an investigation. The mine was of thin boiler plate and about two feet in diameter. The Chinese skipper attacked it with a sledgehammer, and he and all his companions are no more. They passed into the Celestial beyond with a lightning speed, and the belief prevails that whatever remained of the party was pretty evenly distributed over the Shantung peninsula.

Chefoo had just recovered from the shock of this experience when the skipper of the merchant ship *Woosung*, two days after my arrival, brought in another mine, much to the consternation of the agents of the ship. This mine was two feet and eight inches in diameter, and the captain of the *Woosung* had it lashed fast at the stern of his vessel. The Chinese customs officials were furious, and promptly ordered the captain and ship out of the harbor. Captain Grant, with the United States scoutship *Frolic* (formerly the late Senator Hanna's yacht), accompanied the *Woosung* ten miles out to sea, and when the mine had been set adrift, exploded it by a shot. The day was

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dark and the explosion was brilliant in coloring, yellow, green, and blue flames predominating. The mine was loaded with picric acid, and the officers of the Frolic said that any ship running five miles an hour would have exploded the floating death-trap on striking it.

By this time Chefoo had become thoroughly alarmed as to the danger to its shipping interests from mines in the gulf. It was therefore with some misgivings that the skipper of the Hunan, on which I had secured passage, set out from Chefoo for Newchwang. It was not certain that we would be allowed to enter the port, but it was the only remaining avenue of access from the south to the zone of hostilities. There were many Russians on the Hunan *en route* from Shanghai and other parts, and the stanch little craft was also crowded with Chinese. I had purchased a first-class ticket, but after the vessel started I learned that all the staterooms were taken, and the only possible bed left was the dining-room table. Fortunately the skipper, Captain Walter Miller, was a genial fellow, and allowed me the use of his room in which to dress. The result

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was that the captain and I became very good friends at once, and the uncomfortable situation at the start was more than neutralized.

I was writing in the captain's room aft of the bridge about two o'clock the next afternoon when he called me sharply. Stepping outside, I found him intensely interested in an object in the water about three hundred yards ahead. There it lay directly in our course, the ugliest, the most fiendish-looking thing I had ever seen at sea. It was a contact mine, with its projecting spikes looking like the tentacles of some marine monster.

Captain Miller was somewhat agitated. He rang the bell to slow her and sheered off to the starboard. We could see that the mine was about three feet in diameter, and that it was spherical.

I was surprised that Captain Miller was intent upon leaving it so quickly, and said to him:

"You are not going to leave that thing lying there where the next ship that comes along can be sunk by it, are you?"

"You can jolly well bet I am not going to fool with anything like that," he replied. "The

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captain of the Woosung brought a mine into Chefoo two days ago and you know what happened there. My owners wouldn't stand for it a minute."

I protested and said it was a disgrace to abandon such a source of danger to sink some innocent vessel that might be passing in the fog or darkness. The captain, remembering the experience of the Woosung and knowing the probable attitude of his owners, was obdurate and simply said:

"I will not risk my ship. My owners would give me the sack in five minutes if I took that thing into port," and I believe he was quite right, too.

"Well," I said, "stop and let's have a look at it at close quarters. Let me go out in a row-boat and examine it."

"Do you mean to say that you would go close to that infernal thing and examine it if you had a boat?" he asked.

"Certainly," I answered. And he stopped the ship and a boat was lowered. The second officer took the helm, and we started for the mine. The Chinese crew were not expert in



THE SINISTER SIDE OF NAVAL WARFARE TO-DAY

This harmless-looking buoy is a contact mine, with detonating tubes, set at the entrance of Port Arthur in Pechili Gulf, ready to blow up anything that may come along

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handling the small boat, and at one time the tide, which runs very strongly, swept us to a point within fifteen feet of the mine. We carefully inspected it from all sides, and I took several photographs of it. The water was perfectly clear and we could see several feet of the cable, which was nearly half an inch in diameter, extending into the water, taut, and at a distinct angle, and anchoring the mine firmly. Moreover, the swift-running tide tilted the mine from the perpendicular and left a well-marked ripple on the lee side. This proved conclusively that the mine was anchored, and I secured several good pictures showing the ripple. The projecting tentacles of the mine were probably lead tubes containing detonating-caps, contact-firing circuits, or glass tubes holding some electrical battery of excitant fluid. Being broken by impact, the battery becomes active and immediately ignites a detonating-cap and explodes the mine. The tubes were each about fourteen inches long and an inch in diameter. One of the tubes projected perpendicularly. The other four were equi-distant between the top and the

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water-line, and each projected at right angles to a tangent at the point where it entered the mine. It was anchored directly in the path of traffic between Chefoo and Newchwang. It was a terrible menace to shipping, and had been placed there with utter disregard of the rights of non-combatants on the high seas. I had heard of mines being adrift, but this was the first time I had seen one anchored, and inasmuch as the scattering of mines at sea had become a topic of international criticism and concern, and here was an instance that could be authenticated of one actually anchored in the roadstead of nations, I was doubly careful in my examination.

There was not the slightest doubt that any vessel striking that floating demon would disappear as quickly and as completely as did the *Petropavlovsk* or the *Hatsuse-Maru*.

I was still for towing it into harbor, and on returning to the ship suggested to Captain Miller that we fasten one end of a cable to the stern of the *Hunan*, and with the rowboat tow the other end around the mine, thus making a slip-noose which would tighten when the

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Hunan started. He would not listen to it, however, as he said we would have to anchor at night, and the swift-running tide would make it too dangerous. Then I asked if he would allow me to try to explode it by shooting at it from a distance. To this he agreed, and when we were about 400 yards away I took a rifle (all ships on the China coast are provided with a convenient arsenal as a protection against pirates and mutinies) and shot at it, striking it three times. The second officer also hit it, but with the swaying of the mine, and of the vessel, also due to the heavy ground swell, it was impossible to hit the slender detonating-tubes. The bullets simply flattened out on the mine or glanced off. Had we struck one of the detonating-tubes we should have witnessed a spectacle worth thousands of miles of travel. It was probably a similar mine that exploded the battle-ship *Hatsuse* ten miles outside of the harbor limits of Port Arthur, although it is asserted that a mine like the one the *Frolic* exploded near the harbor of Chefoo, had wrecked that splendid battle-ship.

Whatever the type of the mine that sunk

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the *Hatsuse*, there was no question as to its effectiveness, and inasmuch as the one we encountered was anchored, and was likely to play a part in some future international investigation, possibly by The Hague Tribunal, we took accurate observations of its position as well as photographs of its appearance. For the sake of a more complete record, I may say it lay in latitude $38^{\circ} 45'$, and longitude $120^{\circ} 34\frac{1}{2}'$, and was about thirty miles off Port Arthur. The roar of the guns at Port Arthur could be heard distinctly from our ship, but nothing could be seen of the fighting.

It was about five o'clock that afternoon, having resumed our journey, that Captain Miller again summoned me hastily to the bridge. There in the offing, fairly leaping up out of the water, were two other startling objects. They looked white at the bottom and black at the top, and were coming for us with almost lightning rapidity. They resembled a snow-squall ridden by a tornado. The approach of a waterspout would have been considered a friendly occurrence compared with what was evidently in store for us now.

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These new agents of terror were simply two Japanese torpedo-boats, pushing a white bank of foam through the water and belching vast clouds of black smoke as they approached. They began to make signals at a great distance, and finally Captain Miller was able to decipher the order:

“Stop or we will sink you.”

The captain lost no time in bringing the ship to a standstill. Whether the vessels were Japanese or Russian we did not know, but certain papers of value were quickly slipped under the carpet in the captain's room, and we awaited the fast approach of these scouting dare-devils of the sea. Each boat had its rapid-fire gun trained on us, and, as I saw later, their torpedo-tubes were charged ready for action. In a few minutes the torpedo-boats came sufficiently near to exchange conversation through a megaphone. Over the water came the order, as we understood it:

“Lower your boats.”

This seemed to portend trouble. “That settles it, Doctor,” said the skipper. “It's a bottle of wine we go to Moji or they sink the

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ship." At first we did not know whether the ship was to be blown up or not. There were over a hundred Chinese on board and many Russians. The torpedo-boats had no small dories, and how we were all to get into the few boats of the Hunan surpassed our ability to comprehend. Nevertheless, all the boats were lowered promptly, and then we were relieved to find the order had been misunderstood. It was to lower *a boat*. By this time it became evident that our visitors were Japanese and our cause for alarm was groundless. The order came to send the boat which the Japanese officers wished, and a boarding party, consisting of eight officers and men, quickly came aboard to examine our ship and to look over our papers. They soon learned we had no contraband of war on board, and when it was known we were going to Newchwang, we were permitted to proceed. The inspection, however, took an hour or more, and the torpedo-boats came alongside the Hunan and made fast. There I had the pleasure of visiting the officers. The Japanese were highly pleased to learn the exact position of

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the mine which we had seen two hours before, and when they left us, they dashed away in search of it.

We approached Newchwang about noon the next day and were allowed to go up to the city, where I received a hearty welcome from Consul-General Miller, to whom I had brought letters from Consul-General Fowler at Chefoo. The mouth of the Liao River, up which we proceeded to Yingkow, had been mined by the Russians. Eighteen of these engines of destruction were stretched across the mouth of the river in such a way that no vessel could pass without coming in sufficiently close proximity to be wrecked if those who had charge of the work of exploding them so desired. It was therefore with great care that we were piloted up the river by Captain Fawcett, who met us several miles outside, and with some relief that we reached the town. While I remained at Newchwang before proceeding north, seventeen of these eighteen mines which had been planted by the Russians were recovered by the Japanese who had arrived by that time. Like most of

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the Russian mines, they were about three feet in diameter. They were of the "observation" type, that is, they were to be exploded by electricity by an observer on the shore.

A week later I was wandering about looking at one of these mines that had just been brought ashore in a junk by the Chinese. In the top of the mine was a plug which could be removed so that a detonating-tube could be inserted in its place, thus changing it from an observation to a contact mine. There was a fuse in the plug, and I was desirous of getting it as a souvenir. The Japanese guard made me put it back. However, a Chinaman who had seen what was going on, like the skipper of the junk that brought the mine into Chefoo, was intensely curious to know what was in that plug which I had taken and had been forced to return. While the guard was not looking he sneaked up and stole the plug, and later at the Red Cross Hospital in Newchwang I assisted the surgeon, Doctor Gordon, in relieving him of the results of his satisfied curiosity by amputating three of his fingers and his thumb, removing some pieces



INSPECTING A RUSSIAN MARINE MINE

This mine was picked up by the Japanese and brought in from the Gulf of Pechili

RUSSIAN MINES IN PECHILI GULF

of metal from his chest, and patching up his nose. He had investigated it with a file and the result is above noted.

I do not know of my own knowledge whether more than one mine has been anchored in the ocean highway, but the fact that the Japanese have recovered many and taken them to Sasebo, and also the fact that since the first of October no less than twenty more are reported to have been picked up in the open sea in the Pechili Gulf, shows that the commerce of neutral nations and the lives of those who have legitimate business in travel on the high seas near the zone of war were and are in danger through a gross breach of international comity. I make no pretense here to discuss the international legal aspect of this outrageous act, but simply set forth the fact that such brutal disregard of the rights of non-belligerent nations has taken place, and that I know whereof I speak, for I saw with my own eyes and photographed the evidence.

The mines of the Russians were probably loaded with guncotton. Two of them certainly were, for I was present at their dissec-

FROM TOKIO THROUGH MANCHURIA

tion and saw it. The damage they can do has been seen repeatedly during the war. The Japanese, however, have been sowing mines at the mouth of the harbor of Port Arthur especially, and the destruction wrought by their mines was probably far more terrific than that by the Russians. The reason for this is that the Japanese have marked their entry into the domain of modern warfare on a large scale with the invention of a new explosive called Shimose powder.

This explosive is the result of many years of study by Professor Shimose, who was graduated as an expert chemist from the Imperial University of Tokio in 1884. He was then twenty-six years old. For three years he was a chemist in the Government Printing Bureau, and afterwards was transferred to a post in the Admiralty. He there began making extensive investigations into explosive powders for use in war. He wanted a powder whose power would be more proportionate to the amount used than was the case among existing explosives, and he also wanted one that would not leave a residue after exploding.



JAPANESE BLUEJACKETS WITH A CAPTURED RUSSIAN MINE

This was a contact mine picked up in the Gulf of Pechili and taken to Newchwang

RUSSIAN MINES IN PECHILI GULF

For ten years Professor Shimose labored in this field, braving the dangers of experiment to the extent of crippling one of his hands seriously, and having several narrow escapes with his life owing to laboratory explosions. He finally secured the desired result, and in 1897 the Admiralty began the manufacture of Shimose powder on a large scale at Akabane, some ten miles from Tokio. The inventor spent a year abroad studying the manufacture of explosives in America, England, and Germany, and he returned to Japan confirmed in the belief that he had made a distinct advance in this field.

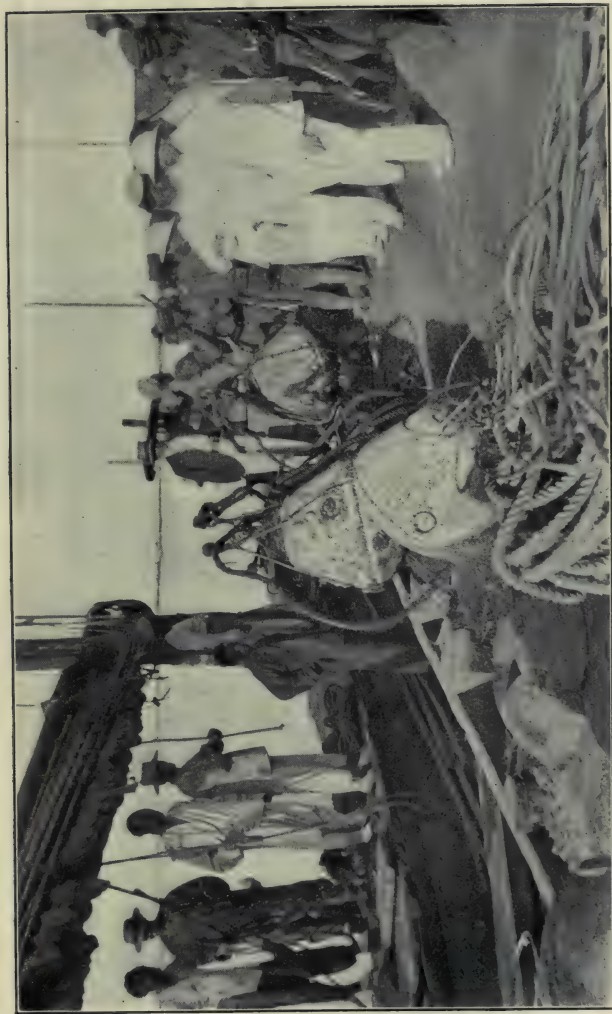
Shimose powder is akin in its work to the *lyddite* of England, the *melinite* of France, and the *loblite* of Germany. All these explosives are variations of picric acid. Shimose powder is said to be more stable than other high explosives. It is also the safest of the great explosives. Neither the falling of a heavy iron hammer on it from a great height, nor ignition, nor the firing of a bullet into it will cause its explosion. In such cases it will burn like turpentine, but the fire can be extinguished with

FROM TOKIO THROUGH MANCHURIA

a pailful of water. It requires peculiar manipulation to secure its explosive powers.

Experiments prove that an ordinary shell which will make a six-inch hole in a steel target, will make a three-foot hole if loaded with Shimose. It has been found that detonation and impact concur in a Shimose-laden shell. In an ordinary shell the explosion usually takes place at a point about three feet from the target, breaking the target into from ten to fifteen fragments. The target is broken into from 2,000 to 3,000 fragments when a Shimose charge is used.

This powder, therefore, causes terrible carnage. Proof of this is shown by the fact that a Russian sailor on the *Variag* in the sea fight at the beginning of the war off Chemulpo Harbor was wounded in no less than 160 places by the explosion of a shell charged with Shimose powder. The Russians at first thought that the Japanese put poisonous ingredients into their explosive shells, so great was the loss of life when they exploded. The deadly power of the explosive was exhibited when the Russian battle-ship *Petropavlosk* was sunk by a



RUSSIAN SUBMARINE MINES

These mines are set below the surface of the water and are discharged by electricity from the shore. They have just been discovered and brought in

RUSSIAN MINES IN PECHILI GULF

submarine mine invented by Commander Oda of the Japanese navy, and when the Petropavlosk was returning to Port Arthur Harbor after a sortie.

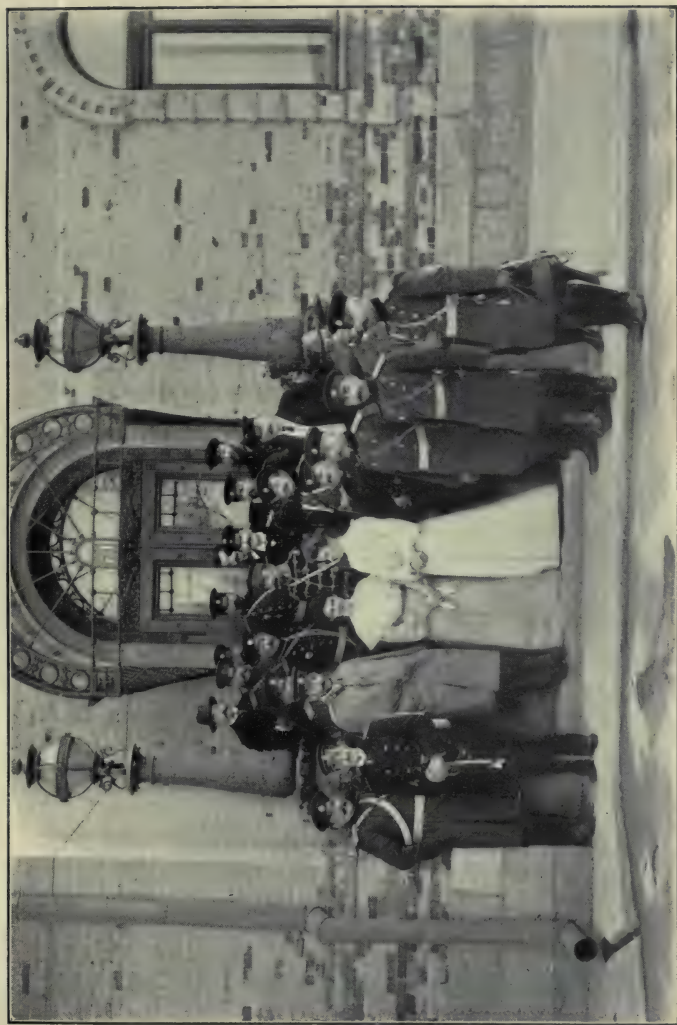
Experiments show that the Shimose compound exceeds dynamite in its destructive powers, while the other military explosives fall far below it in its power of fragmentation. When it is considered that it is less dangerous to transport than any other of the war explosives, that it does not deteriorate in storage, does not freeze, and that it costs only about one-half as much as others, one begins to realize the thoroughness of preparation by the Japanese in other fields and along unexpected lines.

CHAPTER VIII

THE RUSSIAN EVACUATION OF NEWCHWANG

THE booming of guns in a great artillery duel between the Russians and Japanese was heard at the time of our arrival in the harbor of Yingkow, the port of Newchwang. The old town of Newchwang lies fully thirty miles up the Liao River, while the new town, where the foreign consuls are stationed, lies directly across the river from Yingkow. The mouth of the river had been thoroughly mined so that it required great care in ascending it. The exercise of this caution through our efficient pilot, Captain Fawcett, with the noise of the battle going on in the distant hills, gave thrilling excitement for that afternoon.

When finally we were put ashore, we were made welcome by the very efficient United States consul, Henry B. Miller, in whose office I met for the first time Captain C. F. Boyd,



THE RUSSIAN ADMINISTRATIVE AND MILITARY STAFFS IN NEWCHWANG

RUSSIAN EVACUATION OF NEWCHWANG

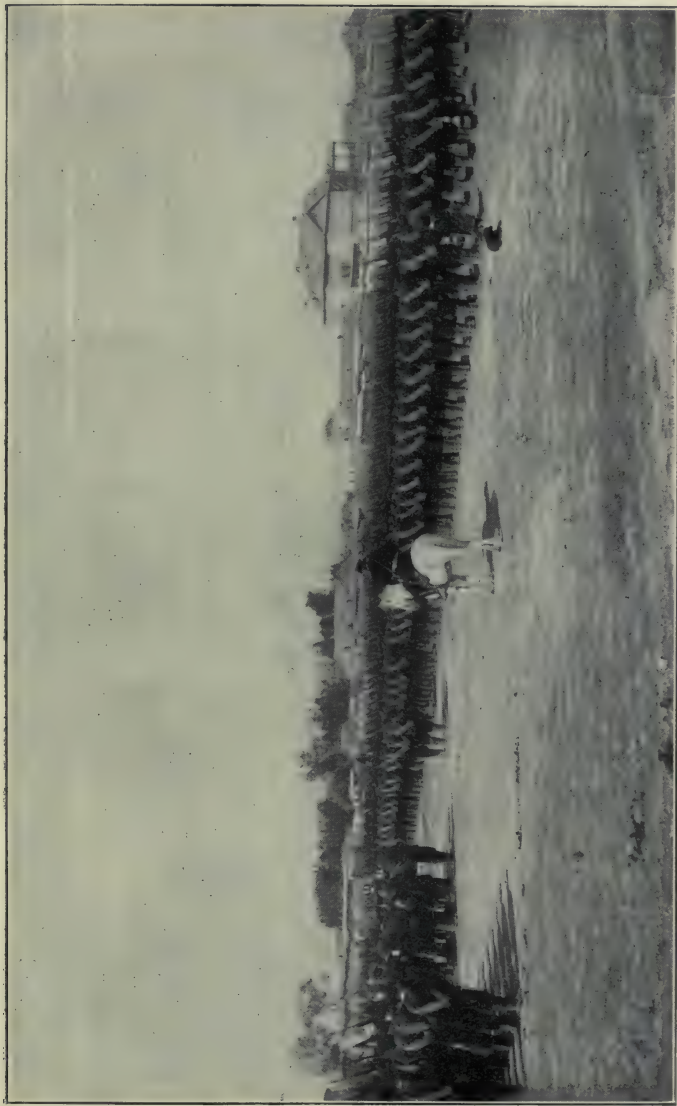
of the Tenth United States Cavalry, who in this narrative plays an important part. He is a typical American soldier, fearless, anxious to learn, and imbued with a spirit of initiation. A West Point graduate, he was spending a leave of absence on the border-line of this warfare in the hope of learning something of value to himself and his fellow officers. I soon found him a capital companion, and we became inseparable friends.

The great artillery duel was fought at Tachih-chao, about ten miles distant from Newchwang. Puffs of smoke from the guns could be seen plainly from housetops in the city. The Russians were occupying three hills from which their batteries poured shot and shell from early morning until evening. Opposed on two lofty hills were the Japanese. The puffs of smoke indicated not only the exact division of the opposing forces, but it was even possible to count the number of guns in action. The Russian batteries each consisted of eight guns, while the Japanese batteries, conforming to the system of other nations, consisted of only six.

FROM TOKIO THROUGH MANCHURIA

All day long the boom of these guns reached Newchwang, arousing intense excitement. The opposing forces threw shells at each other without intermission and with no apparent advantage to either side. When darkness came it seemed as if both sides had had enough work for the day and accordingly had decided to rest until daylight should come again. This, however, was not the plan of the Japanese. That night, when darkness had covered their movements, their infantry, with customary zeal and bravery, silently stole through a valley at the left of the Russian position, surprised the forces of the Bear and enfiladed one of the trenches. A terrible night scene followed. Confusion reigned in the Russian ranks as the Japanese rushed in with bayonet and saber. Hand-to-hand fighting followed, and soon the scene was turned into a shambles, the Russians being routed. They left 753 dead in and about the trenches, while the loss of the Japanese was 101 dead and 300 wounded.

This decisive artillery duel, which was declared by military experts to be one of the most



THE EVACUATION OF NEWCHWANG

Taken just before the Russians left the city. The American consulate is in the distance

RUSSIAN EVACUATION OF NEWCHWANG

thrilling and superb exhibitions of the kind ever seen, marked the continuation of General Kuropatkin's series of retreats to the north. Recognizing the helplessness of his position, with the Japanese now in possession of one of the hills the Russians had occupied, he ordered the evacuation of the two other hills. When daybreak came, the Japanese found that the enemy had slipped away in the night. The people of Newchwang had no further opportunity to observe actual hostilities, although for three or four days the boom of guns, as the Japanese advanced toward Hai-cheng, reached the city.

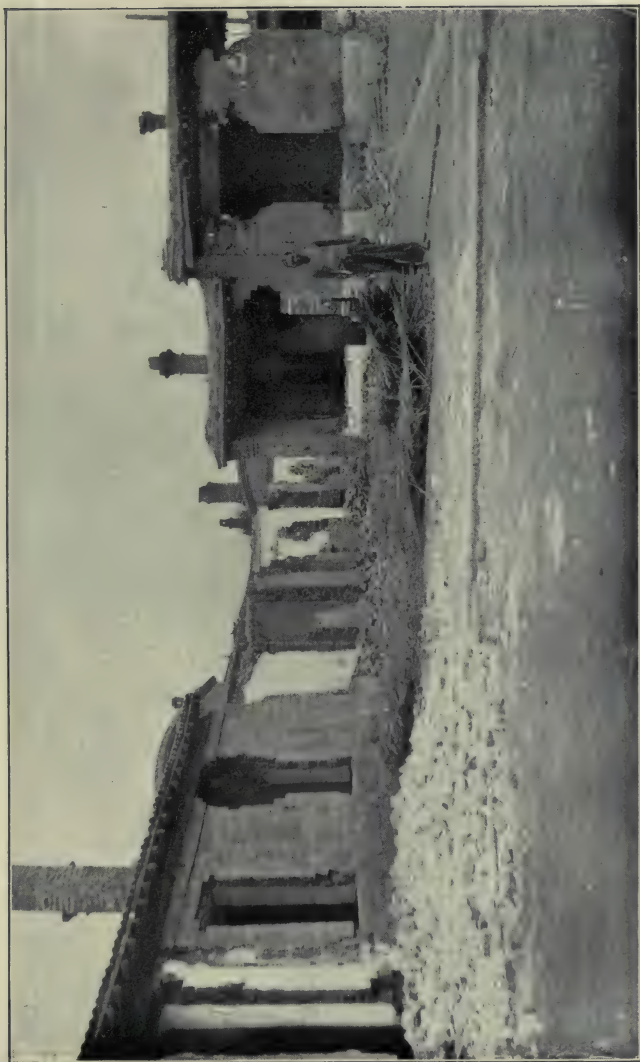
At midnight following the Ta-chih-chao duel, orders reached the Russian officials in Newchwang to evacuate the place at once. The utmost confusion soon reigned, and shortly after daylight not a Russian of importance could be found in the city. One scene was so eminently characteristic that its counterpart could never be enacted out of China. The native police had been officered by the Russians. No sooner had the Russian officers hurried away to the north, than these supposed

FROM TOKIO THROUGH MANCHURIA

guardians of the peace and protectors of life and property, finding a clear field for pillage without fear of being arrested themselves, at once started to loot the town. As the Japanese were expected, and no one knew how soon, they determined to take the utmost advantage of their opportunities.

The picture printed herewith of the police headquarters utterly fails to convey an adequate idea of the riotous conduct of these native policemen. Everything movable was promptly stolen. Doors were unhinged, window-sashes, window-frames, and door-frames, even the floors, were torn up and carried away. The roof of the building was literally ripped off, and every conceivable piece of wood or iron that could be removed in or about the place was stolen.

There was no limit shown in the exercise of the predatory powers of these men. It may serve here to amuse the reader, but it is actually true, that they lugged off a hot stove with the fire blazing in it. It took three policemen to grapple with this. They made a sort of litter of some broken lumber and soon the stove disap-



LOOTED BY THE CHINESE POLICE AT NEWCHWANG

Police Headquarters as the building appeared after the evacuation

RUSSIAN EVACUATION OF NEWCHWANG

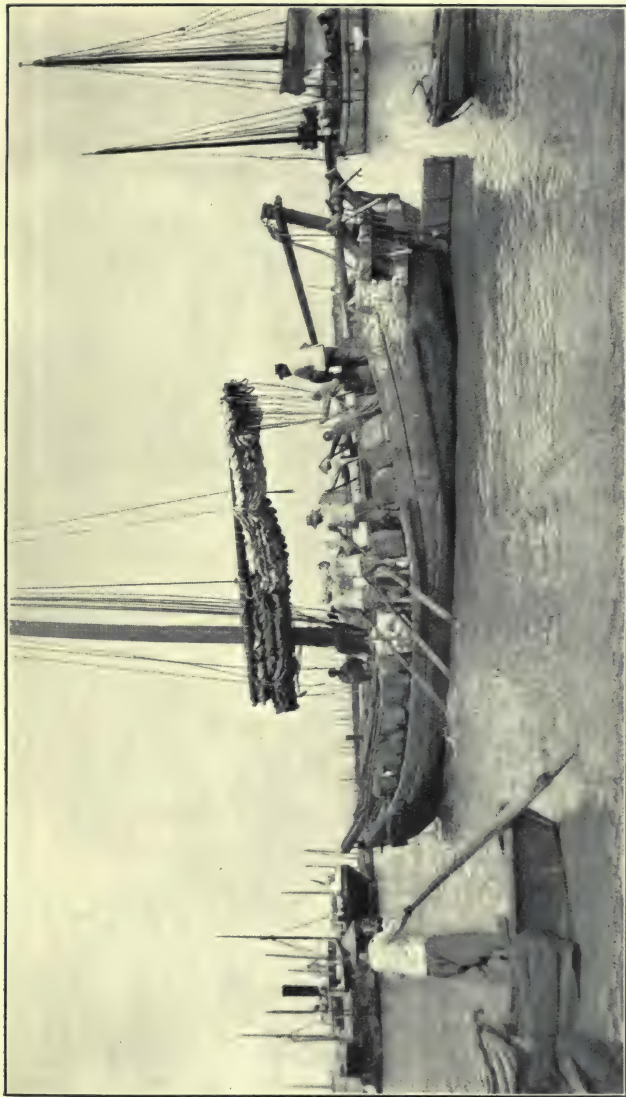
peared, no one knows where. Having started a carnival of loot and riot, the police were joined by a force of natives which soon became a mob. The plan was to sack the public buildings, to destroy the new structure which was being erected for the Russo-China bank, and to pillage right and left.

Quick to realize that the private property of foreigners would probably be next attacked and that the lives of all foreigners, especially the women and children, were in grave danger, Consul-General Miller organized as a force a few foreign residents of the place, who in the Boxer days of 1900 had served as volunteers in a Home Guard. Some well aimed shots soon quieted the rioters into temporary submission, pending the arrival of the Japanese, whose advance forces reached the town the next day. Anticipating trouble, most of the foreign residents had sent their families to Shan-Hai-Kwan, or other neighboring cities, for protection. Thousands of Chinese also fled with their women and children to the surrounding country. A few foreign ladies remained, however, and among them was Mrs.

FROM TOKIO THROUGH MANCHURIA

Bush, the wife of a leading merchant, whose familiarity with the Japanese language soon proved of great value.

The first of the Japanese to arrive were three scouts on horseback. Cavalrymen came into the outer edge of the town, scurried about a little, and then dashed away to the east, evidently to make a report of what they had seen in a hurried reconnaissance. The next day a battalion of infantry marched in, proceeding very cautiously and evidently expecting trouble. They were not sure that the Russians had actually gone. Instead of meeting Russians, a delegation composed of foreign consuls, leading citizens, and the most important natives of the place, greeted the Japanese. As the Japanese were not accompanied by interpreters, Mrs. Bush was able to do great service for those who were arriving and those who were welcoming them. At once the Japanese restored order, and the following day officials reached the place, duly authorized to carry on the military government of a city situated in the zone of war. Finally 3,000 Japanese soldiers were stationed in the town, and General



CHINESE JUNK ON WHICH ETZEL WAS KILLED

Chinese soldiers fired on this junk, killing the American correspondent

RUSSIAN EVACUATION OF NEWCHWANG

Fukushima, of General Oyama's staff, accompanied by his aide, Captain Tanaka, came to see that a military system was thoroughly enforced and to thank Mr. Miller officially for his kindness to Japanese refugees and for the protection he had given to life and property.

Before the Russian evacuation, Mr. Denny, representing the Reuter Agency and the Associated Press at Newchwang, had been sent up the railroad line to Liaoyang to replace Mr. Middleton, the representative in that region, whose sad death had left that ground uncovered. The Associated Press officials in Chefoo, realizing the importance of Newchwang as a center of news, telegraphed to Consul Miller asking him if he could find a man to represent the association in the town. I already possessed credentials from the North China Herald of Shanghai, and from certain publications in the United States, for use in case of arrest or other trouble incident to war. Mr. Miller knowing this asked me if I would not serve the Associated Press until a new man could be sent up. This I cheerfully consented to do. Mr. Miller afterward received this telegram from Mr.

FROM TOKIO THROUGH MANCHURIA

Trissel, the Associated Press representative in Chefoo: "Seaman perfectly acceptable. Glad have him. Thanks for trouble. Haggerty says Gott bless dot Consul-General."

Active newspaper work for a week I found to be a rather strenuous task. It dawned upon me that the most unconscionable band of liars that ever existed seemed to have their headquarters in and about Newchwang. It was not easy to sift out the modicum of truth that lay in the reports that were flying about. For example, one night we had "authentic information" that Grand Duke Boris, General Kuropatkin, and General Stoessel had all committed suicide by eating ground glass. Port Arthur fell on the average three times daily. It was a great relief when a new representative of the Associated Press arrived and Captain Boyd and myself could resume our observation of the spirited events that were taking place nearer the front. But it had been an interesting experience—notably so, inasmuch as I had had an uncensored wire, and probably the only one from the seat of war.

One of the noteworthy incidents after the

RUSSIAN EVACUATION OF NEWCHWANG

arrival of the Japanese, was the pulling down of the Russian flag that had floated over the Manchuria Hotel. A Chinaman promptly stole the flag, but realizing that it was a dangerous thing to have in his possession, he separated the red, white, and blue strips for the sake of his own safety. After a little detective work on the part of my interpreter, I got in touch with this Celestial, and had the pleasure of securing the flag and bringing it home as a trophy. The orderly methods of the Japanese led to another curious result. The proprietor of the Manchurian Hotel at once reduced his prices from \$10 a day to \$5.50. He said his profits at the lower price were greater under Japanese occupation than at the higher under Russian, because the cost of repairs as the result of the wreckage of furniture and crockery in his hotel were often more than the total bill came to. Russians constantly displayed the drinking tendencies common to army officials in that empire. Their riotous conduct was somewhat on a plane with that which existed in Port Arthur when the war began.

FROM TOKIO THROUGH MANCHURIA

A number of Japanese war-ships soon arrived at Newchwang and a systematic hunt was then made for Russian mines at the mouth of the Liao River. In a few days the most of them had been found and removed. Schooners now came in loaded with rice and other provisions, and transports and other ships also came promptly. Stirring times were seen in the town. Major K. Yokura, of the Japanese army, was appointed military administrator, and martial law was proclaimed. The booming of the guns to the north could be heard for several days, and the smoke of the fires started by the Russians, as they burned their supplies preparatory to retreating, hung low upon the horizon.

With the arrival of General Fukushima, a round of official and social receptions began at once. Consul-General Miller entertained him at dinner on the first evening of his stay in Newchwang. All the foreign consuls and a few other officials were invited. General Fukushima seemed astonished to find me present. I had met him in Peking in 1900 during the Boxer troubles, and, as already stated, I



RAISING THE JAPANESE FLAG OVER NEWCHWANG, AFTER THE

RUSSIAN EVACUATION

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had met him in the War Office soon after my arrival in Tokio in June, 1904. Later I had the pleasure of seeing him sail for the seat of war from Ujina with Field-Marshal Oyama and the general staff, of which he was chief.

As soon as the General saw me at the dinner, he said with unaffected surprise:

“Where did you come from?”

“Why, I’ve been here a week waiting to give you the glad hand,” I replied.

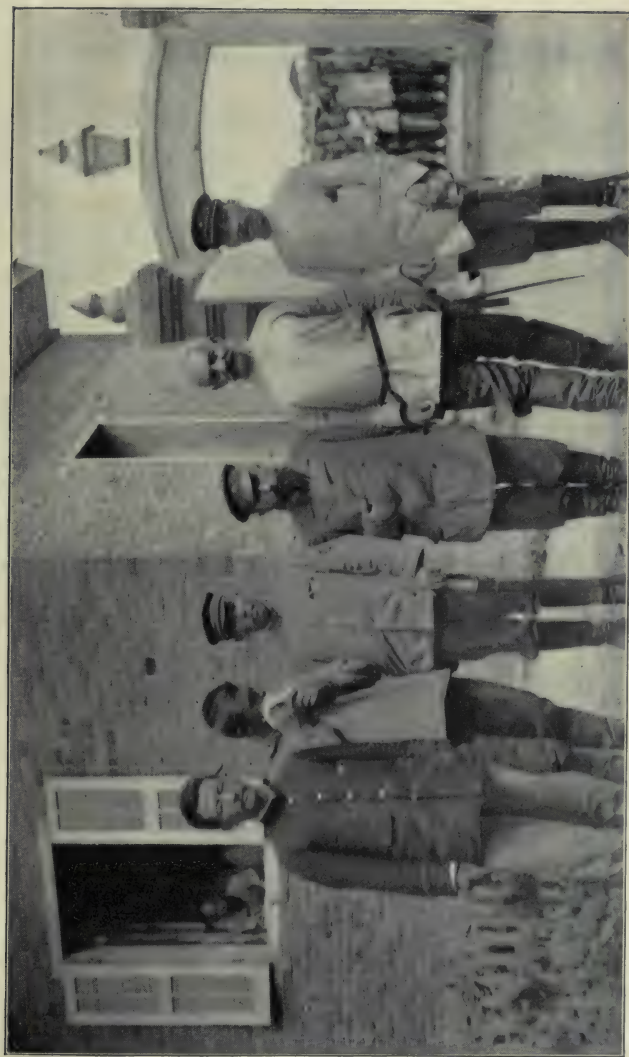
He smiled at this. It had not been the plan of the Japanese to allow any foreigners to come within the zone of actual hostilities, but the General saw that as an American citizen I was the guest of the American consul, and hence there was nothing to be said against my presence so near the front.

One consular official was not present at the dinner—the French Deputy Consul, who had been unable to accept Mr. Miller’s invitation because he had planned to give a dinner of his own that evening. This gentleman was not popular with the Japanese. He had raised the consular flag over the Russo-Chinese bank after the evacuation by the Russians, and had

FROM TOKIO THROUGH MANCHURIA

really been appointed to his place in Newchwang through Russian influence. The Japanese plainly said they did not intend to recognize his flag as the protector of Russian property, and they kept a rather close watch on his movements.

There was something mysterious to be observed in the air of the Japanese officials who attended Mr. Miller's dinner. For this there was good reason, as soon appeared. Knowing something of the personal habits of the French Deputy Consul, they had waited their opportunity. When at last he entered one of his usual haunts, a place to which he did not care to go openly, a guard was thrown about the place and every one in the establishment was put under arrest, including the French Deputy Consul. While we were in the midst of the dinner a message of urgency was brought to Mr. Miller. He excused himself and was absent from the room for about fifteen minutes. During this interval the Japanese at the table preserved their usual immobile expression, but afterwards some of us thought we had noticed a twinkle in their eyes. Mr. Miller returned



THREE RUSSIAN PRISONERS WITH JAPANESE OFFICERS AT NEWCHWANG

RUSSIAN EVACUATION OF NEWCHWANG

and explained that not only had the French Deputy Consul been unable to attend the dinner in honor of General Fukushima, but unable to attend his own dinner, for he was under arrest, and had applied to Mr. Miller, knowing the leading Japanese officials were Mr. Miller's guests that evening, in order to see if there was not some way by which he could be released.

As soon as the situation was explained by Mr. Miller, the Japanese, and, indeed, every one else at the table, broke into hilarious laughter. The Japanese had set the trap and their plans had succeeded. Their delight knew no bounds. After they had recovered their equipoise, they explained that at that hour of the night nothing could be done for the unfortunate French official, whose predicament they regretted, "so ver-rie, ver-rie much," and he was unable to secure his freedom until the following morning.

It was not long before a representative of the Yokohama Specie Bank arrived to start a bank in place of the Russian institution. Unwittingly I disclosed the slender basis upon which the new business was started. Taking

FROM TOKIO THROUGH MANCHURIA

my Letter of Credit to the manager, I asked him to let me have 500 yen.

“Why,” he said, “500 yen is all I have. That’s all the currency I brought with me to start the bank.”

We had a good laugh over the emergencies of the banking business in war-time. The manager compromised with me by letting me have 250 yen.

There was a comfortable club at Newchwang which became the headquarters for news, and here we made many acquaintances until we felt that we “knew the town and his wife.”

One of the most pleasant of our acquaintances was that with Miss K. A. Massey, a refugee from Port Arthur, where she had been a governess in the family of Admiral Stark. She was a most intelligent young Englishwoman, and very well versed in modern languages, several of which she spoke without noticeable foreign accent. She had escaped from Port Arthur practically alone, leaving the place after the second bombardment, in the darkness of midnight, and in a ramshackle

RUSSIAN EVACUATION OF NEWCHWANG

cart. Making her way along the railway, she finally reached Newchwang, where she secured a place in the Russo-Chinese bank. Her wide acquaintance with the leading Russian generals and admirals was such that she most willingly gave me personal letters of introduction to General Stoessel, General Pflug, and several naval officials—letters which I hoped we might find of advantage in case we should succeed in running the blockade at Port Arthur, or should be able to pierce the Russian lines elsewhere.

The Japanese were tightening the lines around Newchwang, making ingress and egress somewhat difficult, and not only for the purpose of showing my most hearty and cordial sympathy for the cause of Japan, but also in the hope that it might ultimately prove useful to us in our desires to get nearer the front, I had the pleasure, through our Consul-General, of tendering to General Fukushima an offer to equip an American field hospital of 100 beds for the Japanese wounded at my own expense. General Fukushima was most gracious in his thanks and said he would forward

FROM TOKIO THROUGH MANCHURIA

my letter to the Tokio authorities. Receiving no direct answer, I was afterwards given to understand that there were military reasons which made it inexpedient for the officials to accept the gift.

The restiveness of Captain Boyd and myself increased as we learned that the railroad up to Hsin-Min-Tung was open and that it might be possible for us to get within the Russian lines at or near Mukden. This desire to go to the north was also shared by Mr. Ernest Brindle, the representative in Newchwang of a leading London newspaper, and before the Japanese should stop all egress, we determined to strike to the north and take our chances with the Hung-hutze robbers and the Russians and Japanese on the outskirts of the theater of war. We therefore set out for pastures new.

Before relating the story of our adventures in the land of the Chinese robbers, it is well here to consider from an American standpoint the importance of Newchwang as a center of trade and what it really means to the United States to have the Russian grip on its commerce relaxed. The "treaty port" of Newchwang



THE CIVIL AND ADMINISTRATIVE STAFF OF NEWCHWANG AT RIGHT AND LEFT

General Fukushima and Captain Boyd in the center

RUSSIAN EVACUATION OF NEWCHWANG

was opened under the British treaty of 1858, and the foreign settlement of Yingkow, near the mouth of the Liao River, and the head of sea traffic, was established in 1861. Prior to the nominal opening of Dalny this was the sole entrepôt of the immense and expanding foreign trade of the hinterland of Manchuria, a region considerably larger than the State of Texas, and having a population estimated at 25,000,000 souls. Of this trade, fully seven-eighths had hitherto fallen to the United States and Great Britain. Before the Boxer troubles of 1900, and the consequent Russian occupation, the trade showed every indication of rapid increase, far exceeding in this respect that of any other of the Chinese open ports.

At Newchwang and at Tien-Tsin the heavy fabrics of our cotton mills found their chief distributing markets, quite eighty per cent. of the total imports into China being marketed there. In kerosene oil, flour, and sundries a similar expansion of trade was in progress. It is to be remembered that Manchuria is a great agricultural region, producing no fabrics or manufactured articles of export. On its abun-

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dant crops depend the people's ability to purchase the other necessities of life, chief among which are cotton, cloth, and kerosene oil. The Liao River and its tributary gives access during the open season by native craft to the interior as far as the capital, Mukden, and during the winter immense caravans of carts convey produce over frozen roads to the ports to be stored in readiness for the opening of navigation in March, when it is distributed to the ports of China and Japan. There is only a light export of produce suitable for other foreign markets.

We here see another instance of Russian opportunism in consolidating her hold on these regions. Despite the fact that perfect order reigned in the city and settlement during the Boxer regime, the native authorities having the people well in hand, she invented an excuse for forcibly occupying them with her troops after an ineffective defense by the Chinese, proclaimed martial law, seized the custom-house and its revenues, which were turned into the coffers of the Russo-Chinese Bank, secured at Peking the appointment, as Commis-

RUSSIAN EVACUATION OF NEWCHWANG

sioner of Customs, of a Russian subject, and displaced Sir Robert Hart's appointee, Mr. Gilchrist, an American citizen, who has since been restored to his office by Japan.

The petty infractions of commercial rights under Russian régime, and in the interest of her own people, has for the past four years been a constant source of irritation and complaint, and the prospect of ameliorization seemed so slight that a corporation as strong as the Standard Oil Company, having had a prosperous agency there, finding it impracticable to continue in business, at one time determined to withdraw. An illustration of Muscovite methods may be given. A Russian officer went the rounds of the oil dealers and ascertained what stocks they held of Russian and American oil respectively. Directly after, a heavy impost was levied on the American product, with the consequence that the demand for it suddenly abated. The writer has it at first hand from the agent of one of the principal commercial enterprises in those parts that it was folly for any other than a Russian to engage in business in Manchuria. Thus is ex-

FROM TOKIO THROUGH MANCHURIA

emplified the hypocrisy of the Russian protestations that her administration stands for equal opportunities for all, in fact the very prototype of the open door.

Fortunately the recent Japanese successes have called a halt to the proponents of Russian exclusiveness, and it is remarkable that already, over the region freed from their malign control, an astonishing revival of trade has ensued. Abundant crops have been garnered and, contrary to the general result in such cases, the war, except in the actual track of the contending forces, has benefited the great body of the people, by furnishing ample markets at high prices for their produce, as both armies have paid well for necessary supplies. This has reacted on the demand for foreign imports, the market for which had been absolutely at a standstill since the commencement of the war.

Not content with direct petty obstruction to the trade of the port, obstruction which was applied also to the transit traffic by native craft on the river, the Russian invaders, by carrying the Chinese Eastern Railway at some distance



HARBOR OF NEWCHWANG, SHOWING JAPANESE CRUISER

This cruiser was the first to arrive after the Russian evacuation

RUSSIAN EVACUATION OF NEWCHWANG

past Newchwang, endeavored to divert the stream of import traffic to Dalny and thence by rail to the interior. To counterbalance the difference between rail and sea-borne rates, they declared Dalny a free port, no import duties were levied, and the establishment of a branch of the Chinese customs service was disallowed. The result disappointed their hopes, as the native merchants found it to their advantage to continue to do their business by the old established channels. Another attempt to isolate Newchwang arose in Russian opposition to the extension of the Imperial Railway system from its terminus at Shan-Hai-Kwan to that port under British auspices on the plea that it was an encroachment on Russia's exclusive rights in Manchuria, a position from which they withdrew on the unyielding attitude of England, so that the road has since been constructed.

CHAPTER IX

WITH THE CHINESE BANDITS OF MANCHURIA

WHILE we were in Newchwang reports of raids by the bandit Hung-hutzes (commonly spelled Chun-chuzes in American newspapers), literally the "Red Beards," of Manchuria, although not one of them has a red beard, or any other kind of a beard, became so frequent that my companion, Captain Boyd, and myself determined to try to visit them. We hoped to see for ourselves something of the characteristics and methods of those 10,000 or more guerillas that on the west infest the border of the fighting zone in Manchuria, harrowing the rear and right flank of the Russian army, compelling it to quadruple its Cossack guards in that region in order to protect its supply-trains, as well as the refugees from Port Arthur in their efforts to reach Mukden by way of Hsin-Min-Tung.

WITH THE CHINESE BANDITS

We both had Chinese passports, and Captain Boyd had received credentials from Minister Conger and the Peking authorities to visit General Ma, and the Chinese troops in his command assembled on the borderland, ostensibly to see that no invasion of Chinese neutral territory should occur from either of the great belligerents. General Ma is the commander-in-chief of the Chinese troops in that region and by an envious turn of fate is the commander of the 10,000 Hung-hutzes now wearing the imperial uniform of China as part of her army.

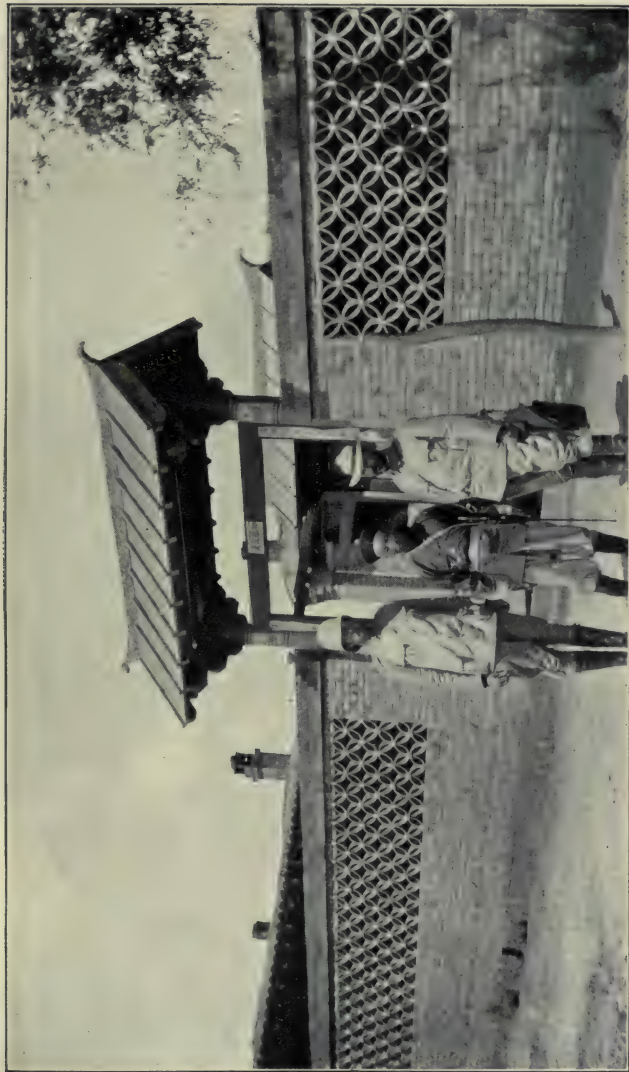
The Hung-hutzes are excellent horsemen, well mounted and armed, who for centuries have lived as outlaws and brigands, defying the authority of the Imperial Government, roaming at will, levying tribute, and hesitating at nothing in the calendar of crimes in the accomplishment of their nefarious purposes.

The head robber of these bands for several years has been one Chung Tsor Lin, now holding the rank of colonel in the Chinese army. Within two years Chung and his band of followers obtained so complete a mastery over the

FROM TOKIO THROUGH MANCHURIA

entire border region of Manchuria for some hundreds of miles that the Government, in true Chinese fashion, ceased to oppose them and made terms with them by adopting them into the Chinese army. They are now troops in good standing, with highway robbery semi-officially recognized as one of their perquisites.

The adoption of bandits into the army has not changed their habits in robbing and murdering, if need be, and occasionally the soldiers keep up their work as individuals, when they are not plundering Russian refugees en route to Siberia, or worrying the Cossacks. In addition to these uniformed robbers, practically every peasant in the region at this time of year becomes a robber on his own account. It is when the crops are nearly full grown, and the kaoliang, a kind of broom corn, is from twelve to fifteen feet high, that the peasant turns marauder and outlaw. This staple crop, kaoliang, affords a perfect cover for troops or cutthroats, and one has a frightful ordeal in riding through it in August, with the thermometer in the nineties and its high growth cuts off the free circulation of air. The allied



THE HEAD OF THE ROBBER BANDITS OF MANCHURIA

In the centre, with the author on his right and Capt. Boyd, U.S.A., on his left, is General Chung

Tzor Lin, the Manchurian Bandit who is now an officer in the Chinese Army

WITH THE CHINESE BANDITS

armies, among whom were the American troops, realized this in 1900 in their toilsome march from Taku to Tien-Tsin and Peking, when many dropped on the way from heat prostration.

With the kaoliang to hide his movements, the peasant abandons his legitimate calling and, arming himself with any convenient weapon, starts out either alone or in the company of a few congenial companions to plunder on the highway, or to rob the little villages near where they live. When success attends them they band in greater numbers and sometimes fight the Hung-hutzes, the regular robber bands, or perhaps join them temporarily. And this diabolic work goes on until it is time to gather the crops, when they return to their families, who most likely have been robbed during their interval of absence. When danger threatens, the peasant bands scatter in every direction in the high kaoliang or return to their homes, just as the Filipinos used to do when sharply pursued by American troops, when they cast aside such uniforms as they wore, and became "amigos," for practical advantages.

FROM TOKIO THROUGH MANCHURIA

It was to visit these organized robbers that we started from Newchwang. It was a somewhat perilous adventure. Some of these bandits were reported to be near Kao-Pang-Tzi, and we set out for that place. Good fortune attended us at once. I chanced to have with me a photograph of Li Hung Chang and myself, taken in the palace of the old Viceroy in Peking, shortly before his death, the last picture made of the old statesman, whom I knew very well by reason of several visits to Peking. That photograph was a veritable talisman on our trip. My kit also contained a pocket operating-case, a hypodermic syringe, and some medical necessities for use in emergencies.

We stopped on our first night out at a Chinese inn, and found there a well-to-do Chinese merchant from Hsin-Min-Tung on his way to the near-by mountains in search of health. He was suffering acutely from an affection which I was able to relieve in a measure. Learning through my mafoo that we were traveling north, and were desirous of meeting the Hung-hutzes, he advised us to go at once to Hsin-Min-Tung, where General



LI HUNG CHANG AND THE AUTHOR

The last picture ever made of the Viceroy. Taken on February 22, 1900, in his private chamber at his palace in Peking. See adjoining page as to the use the author made of this picture in the Japanese War

WITH THE CHINESE BANDITS

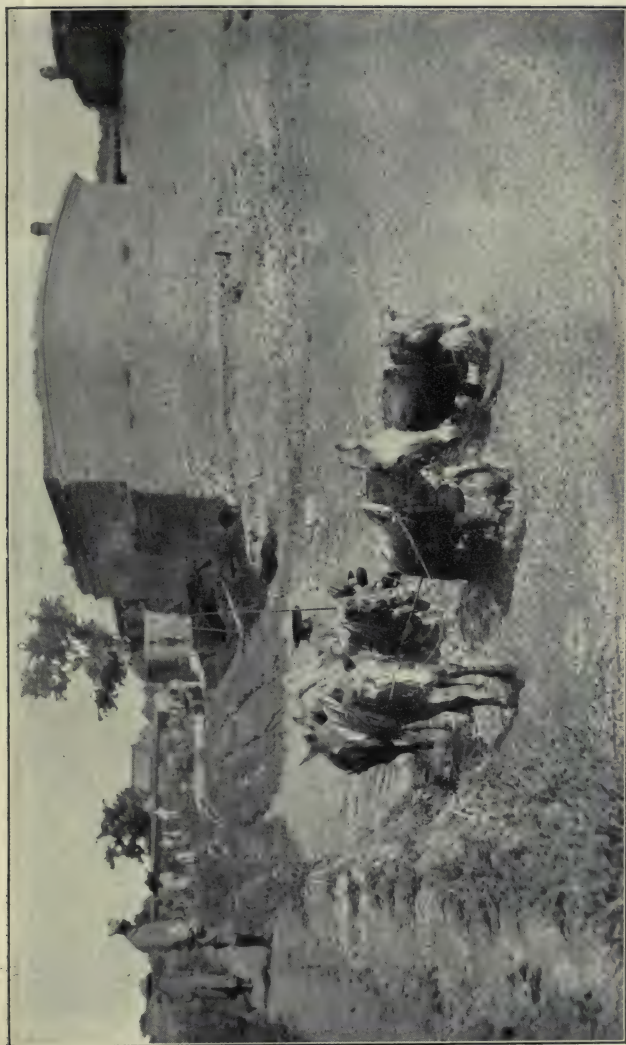
Chung Tsor Lin commanded, and gave us a long letter of introduction to his own "number one" man in Hsin-Min-Tung, whom he had left in charge of his business. This letter proved invaluable, for the next day on delivering it we were at once greeted as friends, and given the best quarters in the merchant's compound. Servants were assigned to us, and we were made as comfortable as the situation admitted. Russian soldiers still patrolled the streets at irregular intervals, and at times the town was filled with refugees coming from Port Arthur, Chefoo, or Tien-Tsin in special trains from the south, en route to Mukden or Siberia. Hsin-Min-Tung was the terminus of the line of railroad, and connected at Kao-Pang-Tzi with the main line from Tien-Tsin. The intention is to build the road about twenty miles further to make a junction with the main line at Mukden. It was over this gap in the railroad system about twenty miles that the refugees had to flee.

It was raining when we arrived at Hsin-Min-Tung and the condition of the roads was almost indescribable. For miles we had not

FROM TOKIO THROUGH MANCHURIA

seen a stone the size of an egg, as the valley of the Liao is alluvial and as level as a plain. With its luxuriant crop of kaoliang it looked like a scene in the corn belt of Iowa or Kansas; but a little rain in the greasy, mucky soil, mixed by the passing of a few Chinese carts, makes these roads resemble quagmires, often impassable. They dry quickly however, but it was a pathetic sight to see long trains of two-wheeled carts, dragged by five or seven donkeys or mules, each piled high with the belongings of the refugees, often surmounted by women with little ones, while the men walked and endeavored to cheer one another with songs over the dreary twenty miles to Mukden. Many of these parties, unattended by troops, were attacked and robbed by the Hung-hutzes along this dreaded way.

In the rooms assigned to us in our merchant-friend's compound we found a pile of giant firecrackers, the pile being nearly as large as an upright piano. I suggested buying them to be exploded in honor of what we called the American occupation of the place. There we were with Cossacks on the north and east,



THE TERRIBLE MANCHURIAN ROADS

This photograph shows the condition of the roads over which the armies have to move

WITH THE CHINESE BANDITS

Japanese on the southeast, Chinese soldiers under General Ma to the west and northwest, and Hung-hutze robbers all around us, and we unable to speak a dozen words of any of the languages that those several people use. Our interpreter was the sole conversational link between us and the remote world in which we found ourselves.

We asked the price of the entire lot of fire-crackers. They couldn't understand how we could want so many. Finally they brought a retinue of clerks with their curious adding machines, and we learned that the pile would cost us about 31 rubles. I was for buying the lot and giving them to the natives for a celebration. The Chinese dearly love the noise of exploding firecrackers. Captain Boyd, however, suggested that the explosion of so large a number might cause the neighboring belligerents to swoop down on the place in the belief that an infantry engagement was going on and that we might be gobbled up. Therefore, we purchased only a moderate quantity, and to the great delight of the natives gave them away to be fired from

FROM TOKIO THROUGH MANCHURIA

long bamboo poles. What a great noise they all made! This established our standing in the community. Every one in the place immediately became our friend. The Chinese are antagonistic to the Russians, and this indulgence in fun-making resulted most fortunately for us, for the following afternoon a party of Cossacks who in some way had heard of our presence, and suspected us to be Japanese spies, went through the town in search of us, but not one word as to our hidden whereabouts could they secure from the natives. Those firecrackers had tied the tongue of every person in the village and made them our friends.

On the morning after our arrival we called on the Chi Fu, or prefect of the place, whose name was Tsung Zao Ku, and were received cordially. Then we were presented to the great ex-bandit of all Manchuria, the head robber of the Hung-hutzes, called by his followers General Chung Tsor Lin, the man whom we most wanted to see, the man who was formerly a terror to all that region, but who now, as I have said, held the rank and emoluments of

WITH THE CHINESE BANDITS

a colonel in the Chinese army. His yamen adjoined that of the prefect.

We found the General a handsome fellow, lithe and graceful, and as mild a mannered man as ever slit a throat or sent a soul to heaven. He made us entirely at home in his luxurious yamen, and many drafts of excellent tea were brewed in his exquisite old Pekinese cloisonné teapot and served in cups to match, while we admired some fine examples of Chien Lung Fuing and other porcelains. My fancy was especially taken by two priceless Ming polychrome pear bottles that stood by his velvet-covered kong, or brick bed, resembling a flat Dutch oven. He observed my interest, and displayed his appreciation by ordering the only good bottle of wine (fine old Madeira) I tasted while in Manchuria. My mafoo Wang was a capital interpreter. Captain Boyd soon had the General and his cavalry and infantry guards lined up for the kodak, after which he told us we were his guests, and were at liberty to range through the country at will, only we must never go unattended or unarmed.

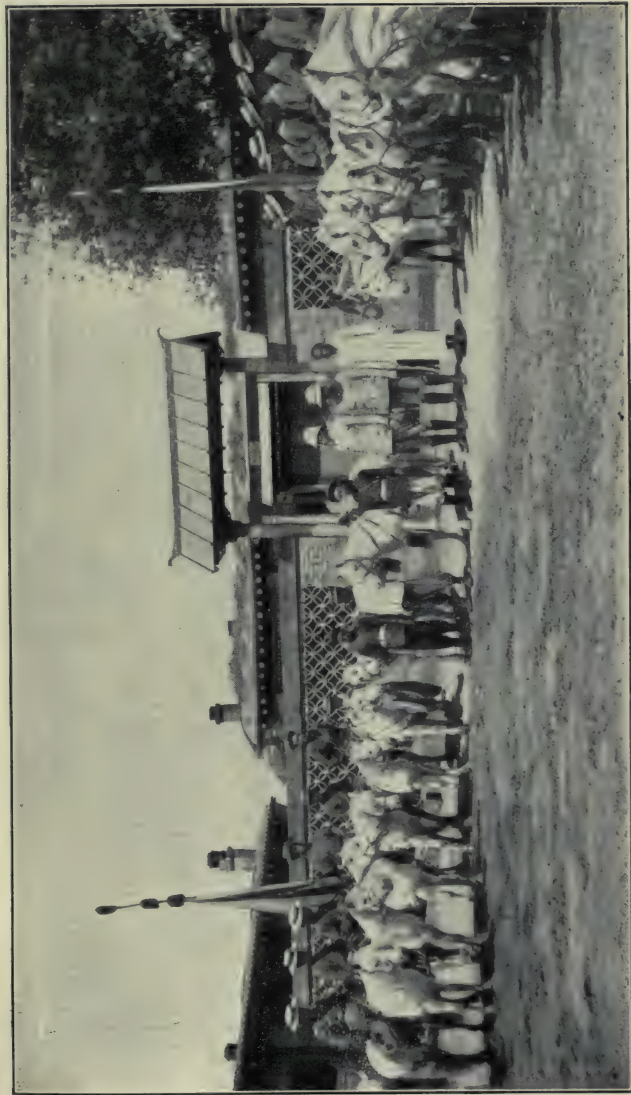
Calling a petty officer, he ordered a guard

FROM TOKIO THROUGH MANCHURIA

of twenty well-mounted men to accompany us wherever it suited our convenience to go, and directed that we should be furnished with good mounts whenever we desired.

The photograph of Li Hung Chang, already referred to, contributed in no small degree to the cordial relations that we had established. General Chung was a great admirer of the old statesman, and through this influence our new host welcomed us as old friends.

This was not, however, my first acquaintance with the Hung-hutzes. In January, 1900, during the Boxer campaign (and the Hung-hutzes were all Boxers in those days) I chanced to be on the Great Wall of China at Shan-Hai-Kwan, when a party of five sikhs, with two coolies and a cart, went through a gateway on a foraging expedition for wood. Shortly after one of the coolies rushed back, so frightened he could hardly articulate, and reported that a party of mounted Hung-hutzes had swooped down on the sikhs, who had carelessly neglected to take their arms, and had carried them off and stolen their ponies. The coolies had escaped by hiding in a near-by nullah.



GEN. CHUNG TZOR LIN, ONCE THE HEAD OF THE ROBBER BANDS OF MANCHURIA,
IN FRONT OF HIS YAMEN

Showing a portion of his cavalry guard, and the author standing at his left

WITH THE CHINESE BANDITS

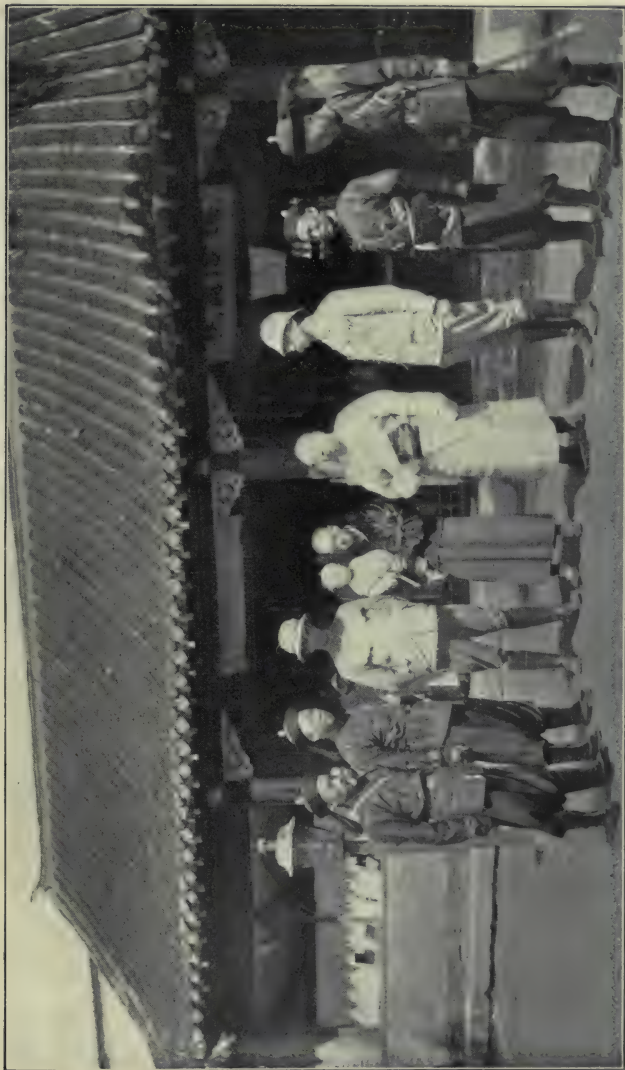
It was "boots and saddles," and in less time than one can write it, the Royal Bengal Lancers, Beluchis, and Gourkas were swarming over the hills in a vain hunt for their comrades and the Boxers. But they were late. Several hours after, they came upon the scene of torture. All was over. There remained only the mutilated remains of their companions and the inhuman instrument that had accomplished its deadly work.

The death instrument was a sort of iron cage, about eight feet high, made of rods fastened to a small ring at the base, resembling somewhat the steel frame of an umbrella on an enlarged scale. The rods were closed round the victim much as they are round the handle of a closed umbrella, and a rudely constructed nut or screw at the top forced them tightly together. In this infernal device the unfortunate sikhs had been forced, one after another, and as the screw was tightened and the flesh of the victim protruded between the bars, these fiends had sliced it off with their swords until the end came, and it came quickly.

CHAPTER X

STILL WITH THE BANDITS

WITH friendly relations thoroughly established, we spent an interesting evening. We had a visit from Chang Lin Lung, a guest of the Chi Fu. His home is in Mukden. He left there after hostilities began and when the increasing numbers of the Russians made it dangerous for him to remain. He told us much of Chung, saying that until a few years ago he ruled all this territory with an iron hand, as a bandit, doing as he pleased west of the Liao River. When China absorbed him and his followers into her army he obtained an allowance from the government sufficiently liberal to pay his men well, the government supplying equipment, while each man furnished his own mount and provided his own "chow."



THE LOCAL MAGISTRATE OF A MANCHURIAN TOWN

Shown with his girl baby in a nurse's arms, the author on the magistrate's left

STILL WITH THE BANDITS

From Chang we learned what we had suspected before: that these robbers were now really officered by Japanese. There were about 300 with Chung as his immediate guard. There were no less than eight Japanese officers directing the operations of another band which we visited. It is said that Chung was paid handsomely for all this; his followers probably got nothing, except the opportunity of occasional private plundering of Russian refugees as they fled north. Some of the Japanese officers were disguised as Chinese, and were doing most effective work. Their guerilla warfare caused serious embarrassment to Kuropatkin's army, robbing supply-trains, and compelling double guards on lines of communication, and additional protection to his right flank and rear. The operations of this band somewhat resembled those of Mosby and his men during our Civil War.

Two days before we arrived a party of Russians were attacked by 200 of these bandits, seven miles from Hsin-Min-Tung. Five were killed and four decapitated, their heads being carried to camp on pike poles. The same

FROM TOKIO THROUGH MANCHURIA

band wiped out a Cossack escort that was driving 1,000 cattle and ponies to the Russian troops, and captured the whole herd. Over 1,000 Cossacks in revenge were raiding the region not ten miles away, but their efforts were useless.

At the very outset Chung showed us unusual attention. Trumpets summoned his entire guard of 300 men. There was a great commotion and soon the whole outfit of so-called soldiers was lined up for our inspection and kodak designs. Then the special guard of twenty men, ten for each of us, was called out and put at our disposal. The next morning we started on an expedition of sight-seeing with our guard. The plan was to visit one of the neighboring bands, but we were interrupted about five miles northeast of Hsin-Min-Tung by the appearance of several Cossack scouts, and we promptly retired in an opposite direction. We were in an interesting position. With first a screen of Japanese scouts not many miles to the southeast of us, the Ruskies and Cossacks in front and to the north, the Hung-hutzes to the west and south—

STILL WITH THE BANDITS

unable to understand any of their Oriental jargons, and with not a mortal nearer than Mukden, excepting my mafoo, who could comprehend a word of English, we were forced to be rather careful. Our mounts were tireless beasts. Mine was a wild Manchurian stallion, a veritable devil.

An ordinary Chinese saddle resembles a camel's hump more than anything else I can recall, and it rests on the withers of the animal, not on his back. The horses have very short, almost round, necks, and the stirrup-straps are so short that the leg, when the foot is in the stirrup, is nearly at a right angle. Soon after starting that morning the fun began, to the intense amusement of the bandit soldiers and somewhat to my chagrin. I came near taking several croppers, and was seriously tempted to wrap my legs around the animal's neck, lock them there, and seize him by the tail, like the clown in the circus; but it was unnecessary, for I stuck on until we were half a mile from the yamen. Then, seeing a shop where saddles were for sale, I dismounted and my mafoo got some new straps that lengthened the stirrup

FROM TOKIO THROUGH MANCHURIA

about eight inches, thus enabling me to sit erect, after which things went better.

We soon reached a river so deep that the robber-soldiers thought it best to dismount and paddle across, all swimming the horses. In this way we kept ourselves and saddles dry. Two of the ponies came near being lost in a quicksand on the opposite side of the river as they tried to reach the shore. A lot of hoodlum Chinamen were near. Rushing in they managed to catch the horses by the legs, necks, and tails and deliberately rolled them over and over as they floundered until they reached firmer bottom. For this the men were rewarded by half a dollar (Mexican)—in each case, to their intense delight.

Off again we went, through kaoliang fields, melon-patches, gardens, and great stretches of millet, by roads almost impassable for anything but mounted men. Eventually we reached a little town or rookery where we halted for our midday meal. On the way the Hung-hutzes had evidently been putting on a number of frills for our special edification, and once or twice we thought they assumed an air of supe-

STILL WITH THE BANDITS

riority as they performed some daredevil feat. Boyd noticed this, and after tiffin turned to me and said: "Don't you think it's about time we showed these Oriental experts in horsemanship what can be done in that line by Americans?" Captain Boyd is one of the best horsemen in the American army. He had not passed four years at West Point for nothing, and his experience in the cavalry enables him to play to an enthusiastic gallery. He took his pony out in the open before our entire escort and, without saddle, proceeded to do what we are pleased to call "stunts." Boyd never rode better in his life. No cowboy or Cossack could have surpassed him. Up and down he went at full gallop, vaulting over one horse and landing on the second, riding backward as well as forward, until he simply thrilled the crowd. Their eyes bulged in amazement. The program that the military tournament in the Madison Square Garden furnishes every year was enacted for their special amusement. When he finished Boyd could have "got a job" as a first-class Hung-hutze bandit without the asking. Those robbers were willing, we could see by

FROM TOKIO THROUGH MANCHURIA

their faces, to be his slaves. It is a question if he might not have imperiled Chung's supremacy had he desired to remain with them. If he ever has the misfortune to sever his connection with the United States army, he now knows where he can get a place as a bandit with a commanding position.

On our way to camp that night the spirit of deviltry seized our escort. They separated into two bands to show us what they could do in fancy riding. The bands charged full tilt at each other, with the result that two of the men were unhorsed, one man and his pony being thrown to the ground so violently as to "knock seven bells" out of the man for nearly ten minutes. The pony got up first, but we had to carry the man most of the way to town. Just before we approached it, however, he pulled himself together, remounted, and we all raced in, like a wild-flying band of daredevils. It was a glorious day of keen exhilaration. Whether the bandits had risen to our level or we had descended to theirs matters not; for the time being we were one band of brothers hilariously excited.



HOW MANCHURIAN BANDITS PUNISH THEIR ENEMIES

STILL WITH THE BANDITS

And so we rode about the region with these soldier-robbers, perfectly safe with them, and linked to them in the bonds of good-fellowship. Everywhere we went we could see by the attitude of the natives that they were feared like demons. They were absolutely supreme. We generally went in an easterly or southeasterly direction until we reached a point where our safety became endangered and then we turned back. All night we slept on our arms, fearing a possible attack which never came.

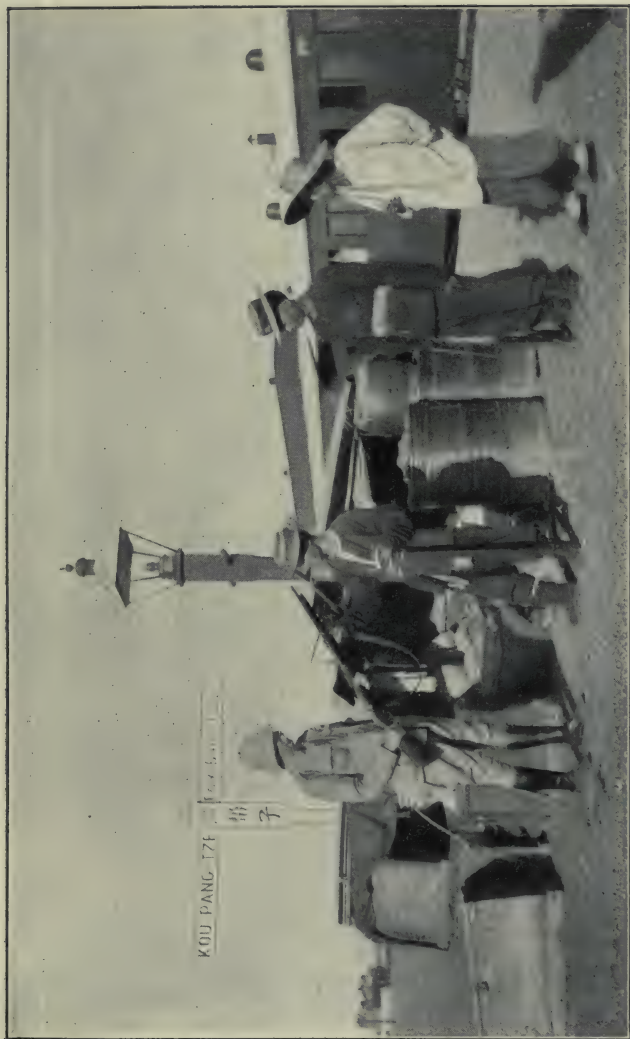
We learned that the best relations did not always exist between the robbers and the Japanese, or even the natives. The Chi Fu of Hsin-Min-Tung, the civil administrator, and Chung Tsor Lin were not on the best of terms, but each put aside petty feelings in the strenuous times that existed. Several quarrels had occurred between the Japanese officers and the robber leaders, however, one of which came near being serious. It was occasioned by the visit of an American correspondent to the camp near Kwang Ming. He brought credentials to Chin Sho San, the Chinese "Number One Robber Man" there, from a leading American

FROM TOKIO THROUGH MANCHURIA

missionary, but the Japanese insisted that he should be shot as a spy. A hot debate ensued which lasted until daybreak, the Japanese finally threatening to stop all further payment to the guerillas. "Very well," replied Chin Sho San, "stop it if you like, but you will not shoot the man who came to me as my guest." And the American was permitted to escape. Thus it is seen that the old spirit of chivalry and honor among thieves is still extant even in far-away Manchuria.

The night we arrived in Kow-Pangtze five Japanese officers, supported by a number of Hung-hutzes, entered the railway train and took from it a Chinese interpreter who had served the Russians during the Boxer war. They marched him to a near-by field of kaoliang and shot him five times, leaving his body unburied for two days. What eventually became of it I do not know, but a few days later they attempted the same high-handed procedure with Chin Sho Shan and eighty of his followers as a support.

A lively scrap followed between them and the British officials of the railroad, in which



AT A MANCHURIAN RAILWAY STATION

The author inspecting a Chinese guard

STILL WITH THE BANDITS

Chin Sho San and two disguised Japs were severely handled. The latter lost their hats in the scrimmage, showing that their queues were false and attached to their hats, thus disclosing their true nationality. Howls of derision came from the crowd, and the train pulled away with the interpreters on board. One hundred imperial troops were about the station, but no attempt was made to interfere, and later the commanding officer of the government's guard was seen actually to kow tow to Chin Sho San and the Japanese officers who were with the robber-men.

The office of General Chung ostensibly is to preserve peace and order in his territory. Occasionally he directs the decapitation of individual robber-men. Two such punishments took place the day before our arrival, the heads still being on a wall of a near-by compound; but, strange to say, none of the individual Hung-hutzes had been put to death. They can not be caught, the plain truth being that the best of fellowship exists between them and the imperial troops, their old comrades of yore.

The Chinaman, be he Hung-hutze or peas-

FROM TOKIO THROUGH MANCHURIA

ant, in his relation to the Russians in this conflict with Japan has not forgotten the terrible treatment accorded him since the Muscovite occupation of Manchuria. He still remembers the massacre at Blagovestchensk when nearly 8,000 unarmed men, women, and children were driven at the point of the bayonet into the raging Amur, until—as one of the Russian officers who participated in that brutal murder told me at Chin-Wang-Tao in 1900—“the execution of my orders made me almost sick, for it seemed as though I could have walked across the river on the bodies of the floating dead.” Not a Chinaman escaped, except forty who were employed by a leading foreign merchant who ransomed their lives at a thousand roubles each. These, and many even worse, atrocities are remembered and now is their moment for revenge. So it was easy for Japan to enlist the sympathy of these men, especially when emphasized by liberal pay, as is now the case. It is believed that more than 10,000 of these bandits, divided into companies of from 200 to 300 each and led by Japanese officers, are now in the pay of Japan.

STILL WITH THE BANDITS

The last day of our visit with our unusual hosts was enlivened by a little unexpected excitement. The previous evening we had accepted an invitation to accompany the General himself on a tour of inspection of several of the camps. We were to start next morning at ten o'clock, and arrangements were made accordingly. Reaching his yamen about nine we were told we must leave Hsin-Min-Tung at once, as the Cossacks were raiding the surrounding country in large numbers and were then approaching the town. The Chi Fu had fled, and the General advised us to do the same at the earliest possible moment. To this Captain Boyd emphatically objected, saying we had our passports from the Chinese government, that this was Chinese territory, and that accordingly we were entitled to Chinese protection.

"Well," he replied, "I can not give it to you. Return if you wish when this raid is over and you will be welcome, but I can afford you no protection now. Your uniforms resemble those of the Japanese. You will be taken for spies or for Japanese, and shot on

FROM TOKIO THROUGH MANCHURIA

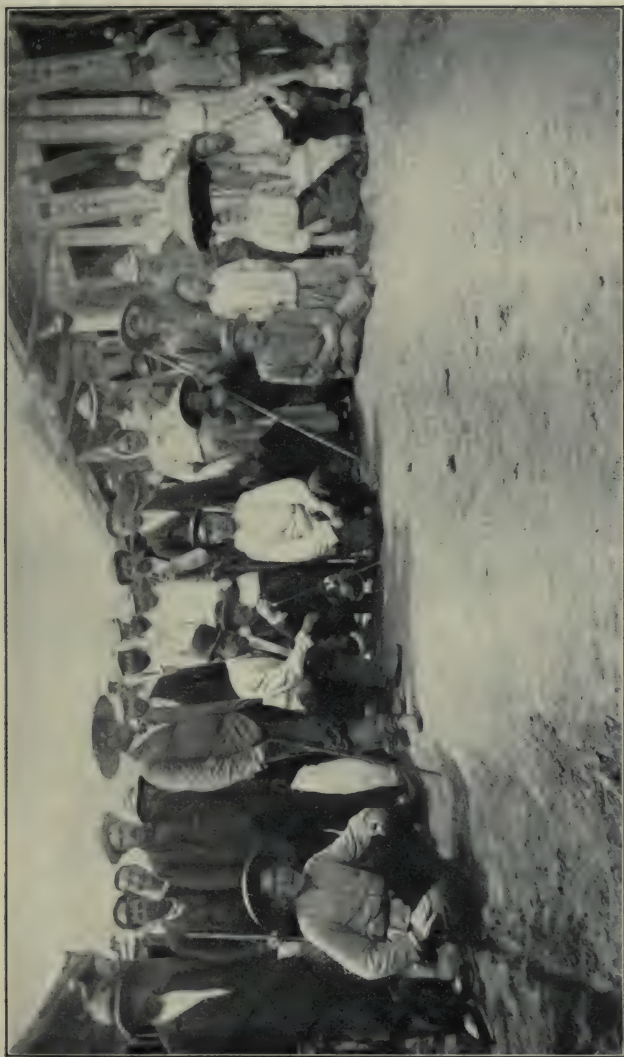
sight; there will be no previous inquiries: there is nothing left for you but to go."

Recognizing the position, and wishing to save Boyd's standing—his "face," as the Chinese would say—I said: "Well, General, you have certainly been most generous and hospitable to us, and if our presence is likely to cause you any embarrassment or reflect on your position of course we will leave."

He said: "You will be shot on sight, and you had better go, and go quickly."

It is unnecessary to say we went, and went quickly. In fifteen minutes we were en route to the railway station. On the way Captain Boyd photographed a party of Russian refugees who had just arrived by train from Shan-Hai-Kwan—many of them from Port Arthur, and that same train carried us out of Hsin-Min-Tung to less embarrassing surroundings. And so ended our visit to the Hung-hutze soldiers.

Having ridden, eaten, and fraternized with them in the bonds of good-fellowship, we left the General and his followers and started for Chefoo, once more to be near Port Arthur,



RUSSIAN REFUGEES AT HSIN-MIN-TUNG

From a photograph made while Captain Boyd and the author were hastening to the train to escape a Cossack raid

STILL WITH THE BANDITS

which, at that time, was expected to fall every day. Two hours after our departure, as we learned by wire the same evening at Kao-pangtze, the Cossacks arrived in Hsin-Min-Tung and raided the town.

CHAPTER XI

CHEFOO AND THE RESHITELNY AFFAIR

THERE were stirring times in Chefoo when we returned from the north. What is known as the Reshitelny affair occurred, and there was more to come. On the morning of August 18th, about half-past five, I was aroused suddenly from a couch whose softness seemed like swan's-down after a fortnight's experience on a kong, or Chinese brick bed, and told that my host, Consul-General Fowler, wanted me to join him immediately on the bluff overlooking the harbor, as the Japanese torpedo-boats were coming in. In pajamas and slippers, and with a field-glass in hand, I hurried to the place just in time to see seven low-lying, ugly-looking torpedo-boats entering the harbor in single file. Mr. Fowler was already on the bluff, and we were joined soon after by Mr. Lyman and Mr. Kokichi Mid-

CHEFOO AND THE RESHITELNY AFFAIR

zuno, the Japanese Consul General at Chefoo, all of whom were in attire similar to my own.

We watched the boats slowly steam in and pass Admiral Sah's Chinese squadron without showing their colors, and making no recognition of Chinese sovereignty. Turning to Mr. Midzuno I said:

"What do you suppose they are after?"

"Russian ships, of course," he replied.

"And suppose they should find one, what would they do?" I asked.

"Destroy or capture her," he answered.

"Well," I said, with some show of spirit, "it is fortunate that your boats are not trying such a trick in an American port, for if they attempted it there they would very soon be on the bottom."

"Ah," he said, "that is very different. America or England or Germany is powerful enough to enforce neutrality. China is not able to do so. She is not strong enough to compel our enemies to respect the law."

In view of the Reshitelny affair, to which reference is about to be made, as an alleged flagrant breach of the rights of a neutral na-

FROM TOKIO THROUGH MANCHURIA

tion and of international comity, Mr. Midzuno thought it well to elaborate his remarks a little by way of justification for Japan's action in reference to Chefoo Harbor. He said:

"Suppose the Russian Port Arthur fleet, or the Vladivostok fleet, should find it necessary to take refuge in Chefoo Harbor and should pretend to go through the operation of disarmament. Suppose, then, that the Baltic fleet should come to Chefoo Harbor and convoy those dismantled vessels to the open sea and equip them again. What could China do to compel Russia to obey international law under such circumstances?"

The movements of the seven torpedo boats, however, were more interesting than an abstract discussion on international law, and we stopped all conversation to see what these little vessels would do next. The three in the rear turned gracefully after the flotilla reached the middle of the harbor and soon left by the entrance through which they had entered. The four other vessels turned eastward and left by that channel. As they steamed out, the colors of Japan were flung to the breeze in a

CHEFOO AND THE RESHITELNY AFFAIR

bold and defiant manner—at least, so it seemed to those of the foreign residents of Chefoo who had watched the invasion of the port with something akin to amazement and surprise that Japan should be so neglectful of the proprieties of civilized warfare where a neutral nation was concerned. We watched the boats gradually disappear. There were some persons present who regretted that no Russian ships were in the harbor; otherwise another act in the great war drama might have been witnessed then and there.

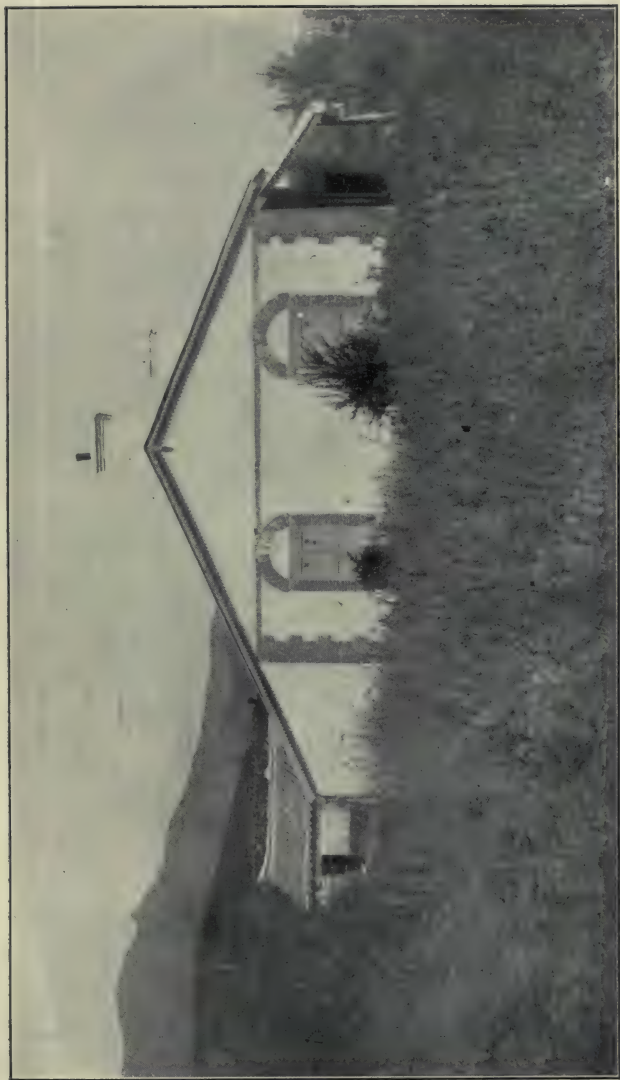
There are two sides, however, to this alleged breach of international rights by Japan. To those who know the full facts in the case, Japan seemed to have an excellent and, indeed, a satisfactory reason for refusing to recognize the neutrality of Chefoo Harbor. Almost within sight of Consular Hill stood a building of which a picture is printed in these pages. It was the headquarters of the wireless telegraph station established and used by Russia. I have heard the pulsations of the engines that ran the dynamos whereby electrical communication was maintained between Port Arthur

FROM TOKIO THROUGH MANCHURIA

and the Russian Consulate in Chefoo. That building was less than ten miles from Chefoo, much less, and a report of its establishment and working may be found on file in certain government archives. The report was made by an engineer of unquestioned integrity and ability.

The absurdity of Russia's claim that Chefoo was neutral territory, while at the same time she was maintaining in Chefoo such an effective instrument of war operations, was on a par with her pretension of Manchurian evacuation before she was ready to throw off the mask and openly seize Manchuria despite her protestations that she intended to restore it to China. It was fortunate for Russia that, on the night of August 31st, this wireless station near Chefoo was dismantled and the receiving wires on the flagpole of the Russian Consulate in Chefoo were removed. It saved some unpleasant complications.

Chefoo has many interesting and enterprising residents. Mr. McDermid, an American journalist, has recently established a newspaper there, the "Chefoo Daily News," which



THE CRUCIAL POINT IN FUTURE INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCES

Wireless Telegraph Station near Chefoo used by the Russians to communicate with Port Arthur, which will prove, in the opinion of the Japanese, that China violated neutrality

CHEFOO AND THE RESHITELNY AFFAIR

is meeting with well-merited success. Its genial son of Æsculapius is deservedly a general favorite. Through his courtesy I had the freedom of the wards of St. Francis Hospital, where the Russians who had been wounded in the Reshitelny incident were quartered. The French Sisters in charge were devoted examples of self-sacrificing nurses, and were worthy of the highest encomiums. It was there, in consultation with Doctor Molyneux, that I first met Lieut. M. S. Rostchakvoski, M.I.R., the plucky commander of the Russian torpedo-boat Reshitelny, and this leads naturally to a narration of just what that incident was, in view of the international importance that attaches to it, and also in view of the excitement that still existed in Chefoo regarding it.

The Reshitelny was one of the Port Arthur squadron, and for certain reasons had been selected to carry most important despatches from General Stoessel in Port Arthur to Chefoo, whence they were to be forwarded to St. Petersburg. It was evident that these despatches were of such character that it was

FROM TOKIO THROUGH MANCHURIA

not deemed wise to trust them to the wireless system of telegraphy between the two places. Lieutenant Rostchakvoski himself told me that the sole object of his visit to Chefoo was to deliver these despatches, and that having performed this duty he was quite prepared to comply with any demand for disarmament or otherwise that might be required of him by the Chinese government. He had run the blockade and his appearance in the harbor of Chefoo on August 11th was promptly communicated to the Japanese.

Then occurred the invasion of Chefoo Harbor by two Japanese torpedo-boats, and an encounter on the *Reshitelny*, and the departure of the Japanese boats with the *Reshitelny* in tow. Consul-General Fowler, in his cable message to the State Department at Washington, spoke of the affair as a "cutting-out" expedition, which, of course, on its face would be as grave a breach of international law as any belligerent could make against a neutral nation. It is desirable, therefore, that the facts in this important case should be set forth.

The *Reshitelny* had been in Chefoo less



THE GREAT BONE OF CONTENTION IN INTERNATIONAL LAW

This boat is the *Reshitelnyy*, the Russian torpedo-boat which entered Chefoo harbor (a neutral port), was there attacked by the Japanese and captured by them on Aug. 12

The episode has caused international complications

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than twenty-four hours and the captain of the vessel had placed himself under the orders of Admiral Sah of the Chinese Navy, who was present with three fine cruisers. A guard of Chinese marines had been sent in a boat to the Reshitelny and stationed alongside of that vessel. Lieutenant Rostchakvoski declared that he had signed an agreement not to take up arms again and that all the small arms on his vessel and the breech-blocks of his larger guns had been turned over to the Chinese authorities. He also said that his engines had been disabled. There is no doubt that the Chinese guard was present to watch the Russian torpedo-boat, and there is no good reason to doubt the accuracy of Lieutenant Rostchakvoski's statement.

Late in the afternoon of August 11th two torpedo-boats, afterwards identified as Japanese vessels, were observed off the entrance to the harbor. Admiral Sah's flag-ship sighted them entering the harbor between eight and nine o'clock. He signaled to them and sent his flag-lieutenant to ask what was their purpose in visiting the port. He said frankly

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that if they intended to interfere with the *Reshitelny* they had better desist, and he advised them not to commit any acts that would compromise Japan's respect for China's neutrality. The flag-lieutenant was unable to secure any definite announcement of the purpose of these boats in visiting the harbor, and Admiral Sah therefore called his gig and went to the Japanese boats in person. He asserts that he told the Japanese that the *Reshitelny* was under full protection of the Chinese; that the Russian captain had not only agreed to allow the Chinese authorities to dismantle his vessel, but that the dismantling had been accomplished, and that the Chinese guard had been placed about the ship to protect her.

The visit of Admiral Sah to the Japanese vessels had no effect. They simply waited until he had returned to his own flag-ship, and then steamed straight up to within a few hundred yards of the place where the *Reshitelny* was lying anchored. The *Reshitelny* was within 200 feet of the light-ship *Newchwang*, and, indeed, was so close that the officers of the *Newchwang* feared that she might foul

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their vessel as she swung with the tide. They were therefore in a position to observe what was going on. It was about midnight that a party of newspaper correspondents hired a sampan and went out to the Japanese boats and hailed the officers of one of them. According to these newspaper men, this conversation took place:

Q. "What have you come here for?"

A. "We have come to capture the Russian destroyer."

Q. "Oh, but you can't possibly do anything like that. The ship has been dismantled, has no guns, and is now in the hands of the Chinese. That would be against all the rules of international law. We would advise you to clear out as soon as possible."

A. "Then, if she has no guns it will be all the easier for us. Our orders are to capture her and we will do so."

According to the log of Captain Nielsen of the *Newchwang*, which, as has been said, was within 200 feet of the *Reshitelny*, it was five minutes past three on the morning of August 12th when the Japanese torpedo-boats moved up to within 200 yards of the light-ship

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and lowered their boats, sending a boarding party to the *Reshitelny*. The log of the *Newchwang* also says that a loud explosion was heard on the *Reshitelny* at 3.45 A.M.; that at four o'clock a launch from the Chinese flagship *Hai-Chi* appeared; that at 4.20 one of the Japanese torpedo-boats got under way, towing the *Reshitelny*, the other Japanese torpedo-boat sending a boat ashore, which returned in twenty minutes, and that both the Japanese boats and the *Reshitelny* went out to sea before five o'clock. Lieutenant Rostchakvoski's story is that he was hailed by a Japanese officer and about thirty armed men, and the officer asked permission to come aboard after making known his identity. There were fifty-one persons on board the *Reshitelny*, four officers and forty-seven members of the crew. The Russian lieutenant told the Japanese officer that he was not receiving social visits from anybody at that hour in the morning, and certainly not from the enemies of his country. He asked the Japanese officer what his business was.

Lieutenant Rostchakvoski says that the Japanese officer told him that he had orders to fight

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the Reshitelny outside the harbor, or seize the ship inside the harbor and take her away, and also to make her officers and crew prisoners of war. The Japanese officer insisted that the Russians must fight. The conversation lasted several minutes, and during the exchange of words the Japanese officer came on board. Again he insisted that the Russians should fight. Here is Lieutenant Rostchakvoski's own story:

“With that I struck him in the face with my fist. He grabbed at me and we grappled, and a moment afterward we went overboard together. At the same time I shouted to my men to throw overboard any one who might get on board.

“Immediately the Japanese in the boats began firing and many of them climbed aboard, while the firing continued, together with hand-to-hand encounters. I continued to struggle in the water and made an effort to get back on board. The Japanese who had gained the deck shot at me and a bullet pierced my thigh.”

Lieutenant Rostchakvoski also had one of his fingers severely bitten in his struggle with

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the Japanese officer as they tried to drown each other, and finally the lieutenant swam to a British merchant-ship, which took him on board after he had failed to obtain refuge on several Chinese junks. When the Japanese had first approached the *Reshitelny*, Lieutenant Rostchakovski gave orders to one of his officers to go below and prepare exploding charges which would blow up the ship. This was done, and it was at the time of the encounter between the Russian and the Japanese officers, or at 3.45 A.M., as noted in the log-book of the *Newchwang*, that the explosion occurred which seriously damaged the *Reshitelny*. This killed several of the Russian sailors, and the next day fifteen of them were missing. When daylight came there were no Japanese torpedo-boats in the harbor and the *Reshitelny* had also disappeared.

The bodies of the Russian sailors made their appearance from time to time as they came to the surface, and at the request of the Russian Consul in Chefoo I made the necropsy on one of the Russian bluejackets who had been killed in the row on the *Reshitelny*, to



LIEUT. M. S. ROSTCHAKOVSKI, M. I. R.

Who was in command of the Russian torpedo-boat *Reshitelny*, when his ship was attacked in Chefoo harbor by the Japanese, and who jumped overboard with the Japanese commander in his arms

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determine whether the man's death resulted from gunshot wound or drowning. The information was required by the Russian Consul for his report to his government. Inasmuch as Dr. Molyneux, for certain professional reasons at that time, could not make the investigation, I acted as his substitute, and found that a bullet had gone through the ventricles of the heart of the sailor, so there was no doubt as to the cause of death.

It was at the funeral of this bluejacket that one of the most interesting and at the same time touching incidents of devotion to one another by the Russian officers and men occurred. The Russian naval and military custom is for the immediate commanding officers of troops or sailors to pay their respect in person to deceased members of their commands. Lieutenant Rostchakvoski was lying severely wounded in the hospital, but he insisted on observing the custom fully, and just before the funeral started for the cemetery, with the surviving members of the crew acting as pallbearers and a squad of Chinese marines as an escort, the lieutenant was placed upon a litter

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and carried out to the coffin of his subordinate, where he paid the honors that the custom of his country requires and that a brotherly feeling inspired.

Lieutenant Rostchakvoski had shown great pluck in his encounter with the Japanese officer and his grit in no wise diminished as he lay in the hospital. As I found by examination, in consultation with Doctor Molyneux, he was wounded by a ricochet ball, which entered two inches behind the hip joint, and, taking an upward course, had lodged itself in the deep muscular tissue. The situation of the ball could not be made out fully, and, as it caused no interference with the freedom of the joint, I advised that it be left alone. On August 21st, eleven days after he was wounded, I had the pleasure of meeting the lieutenant at a reception at the French Consulate, and he was a daily visitor at the Chefoo Club thereafter.

The international aspects of this invasion of Chefoo Harbor have been discussed at length and with intelligence by the press and the statesmen of the world. It is well under-

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stood that Japan's excuse is that the *Reshitelny* was not "fully disarmed," if, indeed, she was disarmed at all; that China was in no position to enforce neutrality; that the exigencies of the case demanded that the *Reshitelny* should be captured; that nothing was done until the Russian officer in charge had assaulted the Japanese officer who had come aboard; that the Russians were using Chefoo as a war base in wireless telegraphy; that China had allowed Russian ships to remain in Shanghai several days, and that these Russian ships had refused to either leave or disarm, and, finally, that it was Russia's purpose to make Chefoo a harbor of refuge for the great ships of the Russian navy which at the proper time could issue from that harbor and attack the Japanese.

No satisfactory explanation has ever been given by Japan for disregarding Admiral Sah's orders not to attack the Russians and for actually brushing aside the Chinese guard about the *Reshitelny*. Nor has any explanation been given of the apparent duplicity practised upon Admiral Sah. When the Japanese

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torpedo-boats with the *Reshitelny* in tow came alongside the *Hai-Chi*, Admiral Sah's flagship, the Japanese officer was warned not to go to sea with the prize. He steamed on while the other Japanese torpedo-boat entered into negotiations with the Chinese admiral. The upshot of it was that the second Japanese boat finally told the Chinese admiral that they would go after the first Japanese boat with the *Reshitelny* in tow and tell them to come back. The second boat did go after the first, but Chefoo never saw either of them again.

It is only fair to say that it was the general opinion in Chefoo, as it seems to have been elsewhere in diplomatic circles, that the Japanese had committed a flagrant breach of international law. It was accepted as true everywhere that the Russian vessel was disarmed and had complied absolutely with international requirements in cases where a belligerent warship visits a neutral port. On the other hand, in view of the wireless telegraphy episode and China's inability to compel the respect of neutrality, it was agreed that Japan had provocation for her act. Indeed, I believe she would



LAST HONORS TO A RUSSIAN BLUEJACKET

This man was killed on the *Reshitelny*, and the salute was fired by Chinese troops

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have been justified in declaring Chefoo to be within the zone of war.

At any rate, it was recognized that the incident would increase the strategic importance of Chefoo and would help to establish it as a place where more history has been made in the last ten years than in any other port of the world. There is no doubt that very well informed men who have had opportunity to study the situation believe that Chefoo will be the San Francisco of Asia. It is really from Chefoo that the great Siberian daily train will eventually start, a connecting steamer making the short trip across the Gulf of Pechili in a very few hours. The place is a delightful one to visit, and last summer, in view of the war complications, there was a babel of languages heard there. These tongues of the Orient, Chinese, Japanese, Corean, and Russian were mingled with those of the Occident, English, French, German, Italian, and Spanish, all of which could be heard daily.

Of course there was more or less secret traffic going on in Chinese junks between Chefoo and Port Arthur, and as a result of the trips of

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these blockade-runners, all sorts of stories as to what was going on in Port Arthur were in existence. There was one topic, however, which was uppermost in conversation, and that was: "When will Port Arthur fall?"

The interest and tension on this topic were expressed cleverly in a jingle called "Chefoolery," written by Miss Helen Stirling, the talented daughter of Admiral Stirling of the United States Navy, on July 21st, which is here reproduced.

We're in a village called Chefoo, upon North China's
shore,
A village quite unknown to fame, until these days of war,
When suddenly it woke from sleep, and sent both far
and wide
Rumors of fights on land and sea, near the Port Arthur
side.

One day a victory Japanese; the next day à la Russe,
And anything and everything but that there's been a
truce.

We hear the boom of guns by day, we see the flash by
night,

We almost feel, and well we may, that we are in the fight.

The junks come in, the junks go out, all carrying con-
traband

To that poor fortress in distress besieged by young
Japan;

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The Fawan, too, of much renown, comes often in for
mail,
And strange accounts of floating mines her master doth
retail.

They tell us Russian words are flashed by wireless o'er
the sea,
And Japan ships come in at night to wire their
"Powers that be."
We don't believe quite all we hear, nor everything we
see,
But we keep our eyes well open to scan the refugee.

For Russians, Greeks, and Chinamen arrive by many
junks,
And some have left so hurriedly, they haven't brought
their trunks,
We've every nationality and costumes rich and rare,
When we gather in the dining-room to try the hotel
fare.

The men they come, the men they go ; we question
what they are,
While the Japanese sit side by side with subjects of
the Czar,
There's an air of expectation—a mysterious sort of
pall,
And we one and all are wondering when *will* Port
Arthur fall.

CHAPTER XII

OUR FOUR ATTEMPTS TO REACH PORT ARTHUR

ON the way to Newchwang with Captain Miller, in July, I had heard the roar of the siege-guns at Port Arthur. Again, in returning on board the *Decima*, a German ship commanded by Capt. G. E. Christiansen, Captain Boyd and I had witnessed a scene that will live "while memory holds a seat in this distracted globe." Fearing danger from the mines, Captain Christiansen dropped anchor for the night off Iron Island, near the spot where the *Hsi Ping* not long before had been blown up by a floating mine, every one on board being killed or drowned. We had retired for the night and were sleeping soundly when awakened by a messenger from the captain to hurry to the bridge.

Another of those terrible bombardments



GENERAL STOESSEL

Commander of the Russian forces at Port Arthur

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that have marked the siege of Port Arthur had been begun. The place was being showered with shells from land and sea. From our position we were able to watch the spectacle, which was one of imposing grandeur. Forts on shore flashed fire as they hurled enormous messengers of death and destruction toward the besieging vessels of Togo's fleet and toward the land batteries which the Japanese stealthily had established as foot by foot they crept toward their prey. From the guns of the fleet in the offing, enormous missiles were being hurled through the air, making a track of transcendent beauty. These projectiles seemed to be luminous. Whether this was due to their rapid flight through the air, or resulted because they had become heated in the gun, we, as amateurs, of course knew not, but we could see them from the moment they left the muzzles until they reached their destination. In their flight they described a brilliant parabola, trailing from the horizon over to the beleaguered city in a curve of light that was fascinating to behold. Each missile was seen for about thirty seconds from the time

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of discharge until it exploded in a blaze of splendor.

All this time the white rays of flash-lights from the fortifications of Port Arthur darted quickly here and there over the placid sea, producing weird and uncanny effects. The roar of guns came rumbling over the water in successive shocks. The awe-inspiring, terrible scene seemed like a combat between a mighty force of lightning on the one hand, and myriads of meteors on the other, accompanied by the repeated booming of earthquakes. All the demons of the universe appeared to be in combat. It was hard to realize that some human agency was behind every move in that terrific struggle of fire.

All night long the tremendous struggle lasted, with uninterrupted intensity, recalling pictures from the last days of Pompeii, or the Inferno of Dante as illustrated by Doré. Our respect and admiration for the brave defenders of the stronghold of the Russians increased with each succeeding hour. When daylight came, the duel ceased, and about four o'clock in the morning, as we were steaming away, the

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Hong Kong Maru, formerly a transpacific liner, but now a scout-boat of the Japanese, steamed slowly past us. Observing the iron cross on the funnel of our vessel, she proceeded without interfering with our headway. Four battle-ships and cruisers now remained off Port Arthur. Later we passed a battle-ship with one fighting mast, but the haze was too thick to make out her armament.

The Reshitelny incident was over when we reached Chefoo, and the town was subsiding into comparative quiet. We had inspected the Russian wireless telegraph plant, and soon the conviction was forced upon us that, owing to the scattering of the blockading fleet off Port Arthur through pursuit of the Russian ships after the sortie of Aug. 10th, the time was opportune for an attempt to enter Port Arthur. Not only were we desirous of seeing something of actual hostilities on the Russian side, but it seemed that much might be learned regarding the main object of my visit to the Orient, namely, the results of medical and surgical treatment of the sick and wounded in war. I had observed the splendid results in the Japa-

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nese hospitals, and I was most anxious to see what was going on in the same line on the Russian side.

At this juncture, an incident occurred which, for reasons that must be obvious to the reader, can not be described fully, but which offered us a chance to accomplish our purpose in reaching Port Arthur. The Norwegian steamship *Unison*, with clearance papers from Shanghai for Newchwang, had met with an accident on one of the Miao islands, not far from the extreme end of the Liao peninsula. She had become stranded and had sent to Chefoo for assistance. Certain persons were especially interested in relieving the *Unison*, and had chartered the little propeller *Chefoo* to tow barges and floats over to the island near which this steamer had struck in order to try to float her.

Being invited to join in this ostensible work of rescue, I accepted, on the condition that my friend, Captain Boyd, should also be allowed to participate in this work of mercy (?). We had taken the precaution of securing numerous letters to the high-

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est officials in Port Arthur from friends in Chefoo and elsewhere, notably Lieut. M. S. Rostchakvoski, of the *Reshitelny*. We made hasty preparations for our departure at eight o'clock at night, so as to reach the scene of operations, about seventy miles away, early the next morning. Instructions were written out, to be left behind for use in case of an emergency or any serious delay in our return.

We reported at the jetty from which we were to start promptly, and found on board a promiscuous and heterogeneous crowd. As the anchor was being weighed, a dozen Chinamen of the crew came hurrying to the captain with their arms folded over their waists and bent half double as they complained of a terrible illness that had suddenly seized them. They begged to be allowed to go ashore. The captain refused the request and promised them "medicine" as soon as the ship got under way. This was not satisfactory to the sorely stricken members of the crew, who insisted on going ashore, asserting that they were positively unable to do a stroke of work.

The captain was obdurate, and rang the

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engine-bell to start. At that moment splashing sounds were heard, and it was discovered that eight of the coolies, among whom were the cooks, had plunged overboard and were swimming for shore. They had suspected that our destination was not one of the Miao Islands. They had no intention of tasting the horrors of imprisonment in a Russian fortress in Port Arthur. Hence their sudden internal aches and abrupt departure.

One of the men on board was an old German skipper named Meyer, who was reputed as the best pilot in the waters of the Gulf of Pechili and along the dangerous coast from Wei-Hai-Wei to Vladivostok. It was he who had commanded the *Fah Wan*, the ship that had been chartered by an American newspaper and that figured conspicuously for a time in the neighborhood of Port Arthur. Captain Meyer was in an exceedingly genial state of mind, and told of his connection with the *Fah Wan* and various other enterprises with great volubility as we steamed out of the harbor. Poor fellow! less than five minutes after Captain Boyd and myself had left him and were

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on the bridge talking with our newly made acquaintances, Captain Meyer stepped forward into an open hatch and fell to the deck below, fracturing his skull. I did what little could be done from a surgeon's standpoint in the circumstances, and told those in command that unless they wished to bury Captain Meyer at sea they must return to port at once, for he could live only a short time. The ship was at once put about and the poor old man was finally placed in a clean white bed in St. Francis's Hospital, where I left him with my distinguished confrère, Dr. Molyneux. He died soon afterward.

So our start was not entirely propitious. It was after ten o'clock when we got under way. The night was beautiful, the moon nearly full, and we enjoyed a sound sleep, rolled up in blankets on the deck. About nine o'clock the next morning we reached the Unison. She was hard and fast on an uncharted ledge north of the island of Taki-Tau. The rock had pierced her bow and was holding it in a strong grip. Off her stern there was more than eighty feet of water. She had a bad list

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to port, and at high-water her gunwale on that side was awash.

It was evident that our chances of getting into Port Arthur—that is to say, our pretended destination, Newchwang—on that ship were decidedly slim. She was loaded with provisions, having over four thousand barrels of American beef, six thousand cases of condensed milk and cream, and thousands of bushels of potatoes, onions and other fresh vegetables. The Norwegian officers were capital fellows, generous-hearted and obliging, and were living on the main deck at low-water, and in the pilot-house at extreme high-water. Although our cooks had disappeared the night before, we managed to get a breakfast of hot coffee, raw onions and some ship's bread, a sort of dried graham preparation far more palatable than our own army hardtack. This bread was the *pièce de résistance* as well as the concluding course of the meal. Subsequently I became very fond of that bread, and for the following week it was our principal standby.

For good and sufficient reasons, it was most

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desirable that we should try to rescue that ship. With over a hundred coolies to help us, Captain Boyd took charge of the forward hatch, and I of the after one, and then we began to unload the cargo on scows. By 2 P.M. we had more than a hundred barrels of beef and four hundred cases of milk and cream, and many baskets of potatoes and vegetables on the scows, which we towed into a little cove or harbor on the island, where a most interesting sight awaited us.

Like all the Miao Islands, Taki-Tau is inhabited principally by fisherfolk, who live in little villages and have their junks in harbors near-by. These islands dot the Pechili Gulf all the way across from the southern end of the Liaotung Peninsula nearly to Chefoo. They are merely the peaks of a submerged mountain range, and they are strung across the water like the Aleutian Islands, west of Alaska. Each island has its own little community and temple, with a mandarin as the recognized ruling authority. The people were amazed to see us. Many of them had never seen a white man before. They seemed

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to be friendly, and we ran ashore without any feeling of trepidation.

A high hill rises almost abruptly near the shore. Suddenly my attention was arrested by a moving object on its summit. Observing closely, I was able to see a man "wig-wagging" in the direction of another hill toward Port Arthur. He was undoubtedly a Japanese, and was sending a message to the next island, whence it was to be passed along from island to island until it reached its destination, which was probably the Japanese fleet. Captain Boyd and I at once started for the summit, but when we reached there the man had disappeared.

We had heard some firing during the day, but it seemed far distant. As we ascended the hill, the sound of guns became more distinct. Toward the north was presented a picture that seemed to us like the Promised Land. The day was beautifully clear and the Liao Peninsula stood out grandly. Behind those hills lay Port Arthur, which we so much longed to enter. Only one Japanese scout-ship could be seen, but the sea was dotted with what appeared

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to be fully a hundred junks. Although the *Unison* lay stranded on the reef, our hopes rose as we saw those junks and realized how near we were to Port Arthur. It seemed possible that we might reach it after all.

That night we returned by the little ship *Chefoo* to the city of *Chefoo*, and on the following evening, having made further arrangements for what might prove an extended absence, we went back to the wreck of the *Unison*. The sea ran high next day, making it impossible to do anything toward lightering the ship's cargo. Accordingly we remained ashore, or on a little launch, which had been brought from *Chefoo* for towing the lighters back and forth from the ship to the shore.

The sturdy character of this launch suggested to me that it might be well to use her in entering Port Arthur. Accordingly I offered to charter the craft. The skipper was willing to go with us and would take the risk of one-third the boat's value, providing Boyd and I agreed to assume the two other thirds. To this I willingly assented, assuming at the same time the risk for Captain Boyd, he

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being my guest. The attempt seemed worth the money, if success should crown our efforts, while, if we lost the boat, what would the money amount to, as we also would be lost?

The next day we started, the sea still rough. By skirting under the lee of the islands, we finally reached the island of Taki-Tau, near Hwang-Ching, the island closest to the mainland and to Port Arthur Harbor. Starting north, exposed to the full fury of the wind and sea, we found it absolutely impossible to go on. For a time indeed there was a question whether our boat would not go to the bottom. She rolled like a porpoise, and at one time it seemed as if she would turn turtle. Reluctantly we turned back to Taki-Tau. There was nothing left to do, as the skipper refused to proceed further. We were greatly discouraged. Our second attempt to reach Port Arthur had failed.

That afternoon we visited the Unison again. While chatting with the officers, I noticed that two of her life-boats were intact. They were very stanch craft, and I asked why we should not make an attempt with one of them. The

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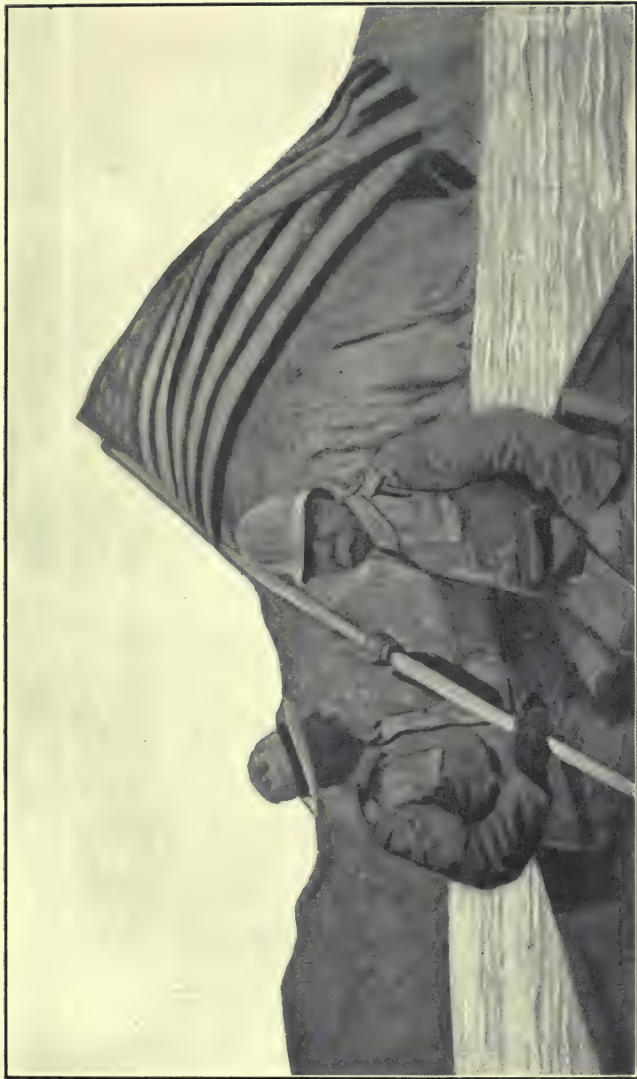
first officer had no objection, and added that the third officer could go with us if he wished to do so. It required little persuasion to induce this man to accept, inasmuch as it offered an opportunity for change from unpleasant surroundings. He was an expert sailor, while Captain Boyd and I knew scarcely more about sailing than we did about the transit of Venus. We accordingly welcomed him as a most desirable accession to our forces. Inasmuch as we were embarking upon a voyage on the high seas without clearance or other papers for Newchwang, we decided that we must sail under an American flag. The officers of the *Unison* at once ransacked the flag-rack, but found there the flag of nearly every nation on earth except the United States. Finally the first officer said: "Never mind, I'll make you one. Go ashore, and in the morning I will have a flag ready for you."

That flag was certainly there when we reached the *Unison* next morning, but it was probably the most remarkable specimen of Old Glory ever seen. The officer had taken the flag which in the International Signal Code

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represented the letter U. It had two white fields and two red ones in equal proportions—a white and red field on the top and a red and white field on the bottom. It was necessary to transform this signal-flag into the Stars and Stripes.

The first thing that the officer did was to take some blue paint and cover the white field of the upper left corner entirely. Then he put over the blue twelve daubs of white paint to represent the stars. Across the red field on the opposite corner he painted white stripes. Across the red field on the lower left corner he painted more white stripes. He now had still unpainted the white field in the lower right corner, but he had no red paint. He was equal to the emergency, for he devised a concoction of reddish-brown color, and extended the stripes from the lower red field across the lower white. Then he duplicated his work on the other side of the cloth and hung his *chef-d'œuvre* up to dry. He was proud of his work. He had a red stripe at the top and a red stripe at the bottom in regulation style, but to our consternation we found that there



ON THE WAY TO PORT ARTHUR

Showing Capt. Boyd, U. S. A., and the author with their improvised twenty-two-striped American flag

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were twenty-two stripes in all. Sailing under a United States flag of twenty-two stripes and twelve stars was an experience that probably never happened to any one before. We could not reduce the number of stripes, but we could increase the number of stars, and so we daubed twelve more splashes on the blue field, and pronounced the work of constructing an American flag under emergencies well done.

Then we provisioned our boat with a cask of water, two cases (or ninety-six cans) of condensed cream, a bag of hard bread, onions, potatoes, a bag of rice, and a few tins of beef forming our stock. Our next work was to make preparations for a possible capture, either by Japanese or Russians. For a time, we intended to place the papers in a little tin box, which we chanced to have with us for kodak films, seal it securely, and then attach it by a string to a plug in the bottom of the boat; but we decided that stone-laden envelopes would be a surer way of ridding ourselves of embarrassing documents. We accordingly divided our papers into two sets, placing them in linen-lined envelopes with stones that would

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surely cause them to sink in the water. Should the Japanese catch us, our purpose was to sink the credentials we had to the Russians in Port Arthur. Should the Russians seize us, while we tried to steal into the harbor, our plan was to sink the papers accrediting us to the Japanese.

Therefore, with spirits once more high, and with the wind flapping our improvised flag in the breeze, so that one could scarcely tell whether it contained thirteen stripes or twenty-two, we set out, having the third officer of the *Unison* to steer us and with a crew of four Chinese. The sea was high, but we kept in the lee of the islands, and finally reached Hwang-Ching. As we approached the island, we saw what seemed to be great numbers of goats running about on the hills, which later we found to be "griffin" ponies, shaggy, sturdy creatures that are among the hardiest specimens of horse-flesh in the world. Attempting to land, we found the beach so steep that we could not climb it. There was no anchorage and the tide ran with terrible swiftness. It was as if we had tried to land in a miniature Hell Gate.

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We then went to the south side of the island and found a little harbor with its village of fisherfolk, who rushed to the shore to see us. My interpreter bought a native stove from them; they supplied us with eggs and melons, and we soon had a comfortable meal. Our skipper remained on the vessel all night, for fear the boat might be lost. The rest of us essayed sleep on stones on the beach. Rain came on heavily during the darkness, but we found an overturned boat near-by and spent the rest of the night under its welcome shelter.

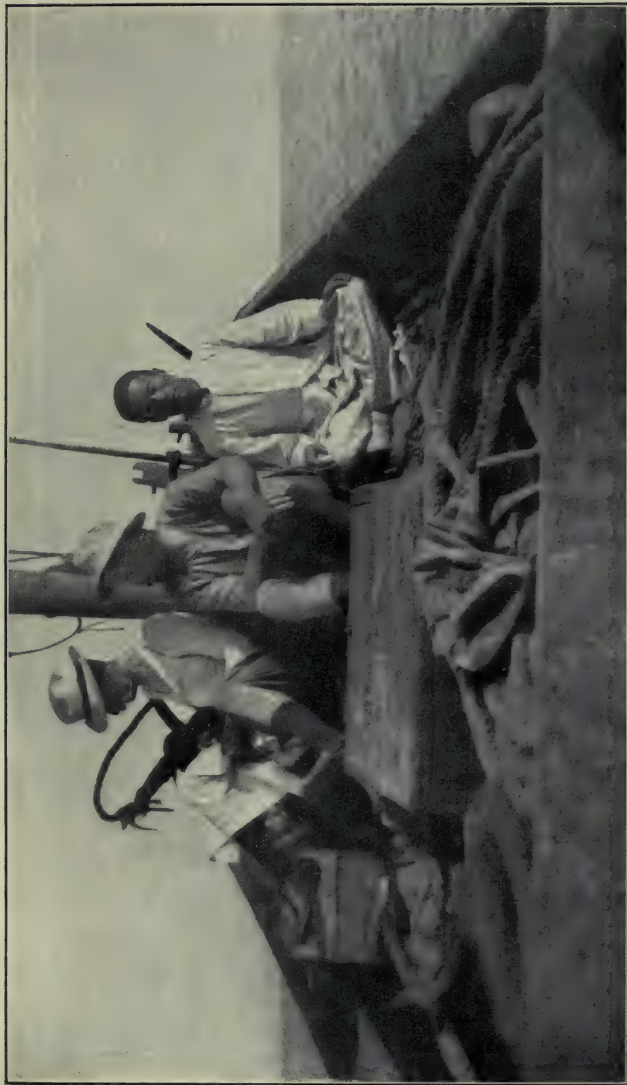
The next morning the sea was terribly rough. It was raining and the wind had increased to half a gale. We set out for Port Arthur, but our experienced third officer told us that if we went any farther we would be swamped. As the water was, it required his utmost efforts to keep the little craft from being turned over, and the four coolies were constantly bailing out water. Finally with great reluctance we turned back, acknowledging our third attempt to reach the port a failure.

As we sailed again toward Taki-Tau, we saw

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two Japanese cruisers in the offing. The trip was a rough one; we were thoroughly drenched, and, on arriving at Taki-Tau, found many junks at anchor. Our fighting blood was still up, and we decided that we would see if we could not reach the Russian stronghold on one of these boats. We made a bargain with the owners for one of them. This time we started for Port Arthur at night. The wind now had fallen and the sea was comparatively quiet. Apparently all was favorable for the accomplishment of our purpose. The broad lateen sail of the junk, which made the craft look like some caravel of ancient days in Italy, swelled out gently with the breeze and we glided past the islands on our way to the peninsula.

Our skipper knew his business well. He had made repeated trips to the peninsula, and five times that summer had landed supplies for the Russians, to his great profit, the last time less than a week before. About three o'clock in the morning we glided under the wing of the peninsula, and started to round a point into a cove which the skipper knew so well. Just as everything seemed propitious, three volleys



AFTER A LAST EFFORT

Return of Capt. Boyd, U. S. A., and the author, after their third attempt to reach Port Arthur

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from infantry rifles were fired from shore. The Japanese apparently had landed a party at that point since our skipper's last visit. The owner of the junk was one of the most frightened men the world has ever seen. No money, and no threats, could now induce him to remain near-by, so that we might attempt a landing in the morning at the risk of being taken prisoners. If the entire Celestial Kingdom had been offered to him, with a guarantee of sure delivery, I think he would not have remained near that place, sandwiched in as we were between the devil and the deep blue sea, the blockading fleet of Admiral Togo on one side and a hostile force on the other. So, finally, we found ourselves by noon next day back at the island of Taki-Tau, and balked again.

I had already made arrangements to read a paper at the International Congress of Military Surgeons at St. Louis, and it was necessary, if I were to keep my engagement, that I should depart for home as speedily as possible. Therefore, we continued our journey on a junk from Taki-Tau to Chefoo, still flying

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our improvised American flag. The Reshetny incident had made it desirable, for certain diplomatic reasons, for the Chinese admiral to take his three cruisers from Chefoo to another port, Tung-Chau, where accordingly they were anchored. We dipped our flag in salute, but the Chinese admiral's subordinates seemed to pay no attention to us. Finally, we fired a revolver to attract their attention, then crossed their bows and dipped our flag again. There was some commotion on the deck of Admiral Sah's flag-ship, when down came the great dragon flag of China in gracious salute to us. It was the strangest salute to the strangest American flag that any man-of-war probably ever made.

So we sailed on until we came to Chefoo Harbor. There we found the United States cruiser Cincinnati, Commander Hugo Osterhaus commanding. Our approach excited intense interest on board. When we came within megaphone distance, we heard over the water as we were recognized:

"Where did you get that flag?"

We told them never to mind where we got

ATTEMPTS TO REACH PORT ARTHUR

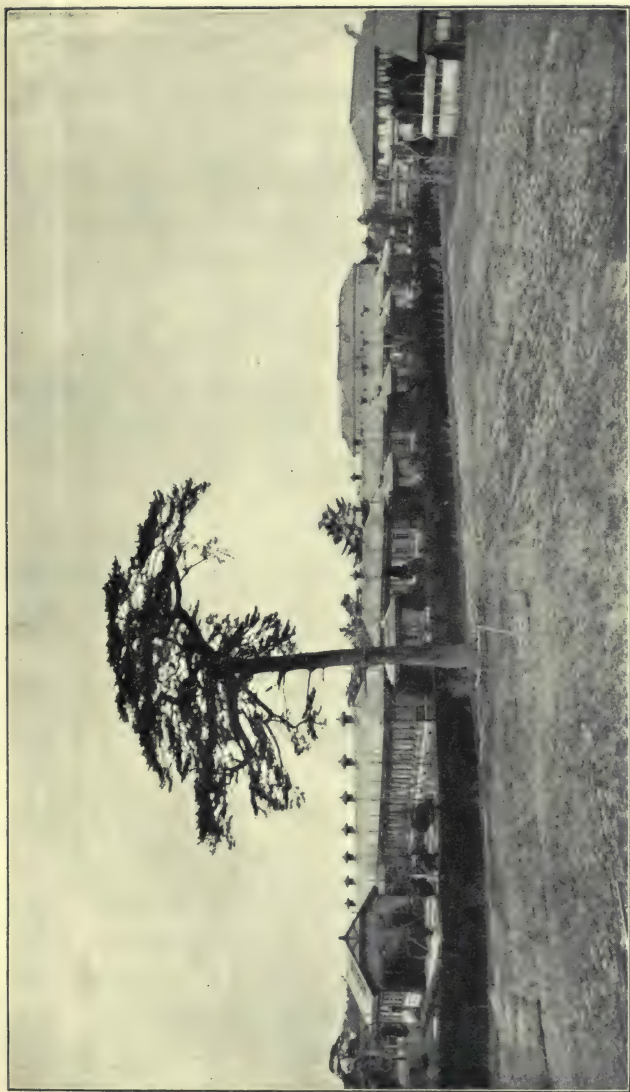
that flag, that it was the best American flag we could find anywhere around the piratical waters of the Miao Islands, and we thought that if a Pechili Gulf pirate could respect it it was entitled to the respectful consideration of the officers of the Cincinnati or any other of Uncle Sam's war-ships. Commander Osterhaus seemed to agree to this, and later in the day we enjoyed tiffin with him and his officers on board his beautiful cruiser.

There was no boat available for me in which to reach Shanghai in time to catch my steamer across the Pacific, but as the United States scouting-ship Frolic was leaving for that port the following day, Captain Grant took me down the coast as his guest. As we sailed out of Chefoo Harbor, it was with great regret that I found my back turned upon the seat of war.

CHAPTER XIII

THE EFFICIENT WORK OF THE RED CROSS

MARVELOUS as were the results of the Japanese work in treating the wounded and grappling with sickness in the hospitals, it is simple justice to set forth what one of the most potent factors in bringing about such a splendid showing has accomplished. I refer to the Red Cross Society of Japan. Here is a society whose object, like the Red Cross Societies of other nations, is "to care for the wounded and sick at a seat of war." But the Japanese Red Cross Society has the distinction of being not only the richest, but probably the largest, of these national societies. Dr. Nicholas Senn, who made a thorough examination of the workings of this society before the beginning of the war with Russia, has declared it to be the best Red Cross Society in the world.



MAIN RED CROSS HOSPITAL, IN JAPAN

EFFICIENT WORK OF THE RED CROSS

Like everything else pertaining to the arrangement of details in the conflict with Russia, there was thorough preparation for caring for the sick and wounded. The Red Cross Society of the Empire has over a million members, with stations in every part of the kingdom. For several years it has owned two hospital ships, and its hospital in Tokio has been pronounced by many European physicians the best in the city. Long before the war began, the storerooms of the society in Tokio were crowded with wagon loads of surgical dressing material, cots, tents, bedding, uniforms for nurses, and ambulances. In addition to making great preparations for war, the society had been training nurses for military service, and in Tokio, where their hospital has a capacity of 250 beds, there were 260 nurses to care for the patients.

The most powerful influence in Japan is exerted for the maintenance and advancement of this society. That influence is the exalted patronage of their Majesties, the Emperor and Empress. A prince of the Imperial Family is also the honorary president of the society.

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When the war with Russia began, the honorary president was Prince Komatsu, who started for the seat of war about the middle of June. Ladies of the highest rank follow the Empress in patronizing the society. Every village and town of the kingdom practically has a branch of the organization. The Empress herself has made bandages for the wounded, and five times a week Japanese women of rank meet to roll field bandages and do other work to alleviate the suffering of the wounded. Even European women in the chief cities joined with the ladies of the empire in furthering this good work.

The Japanese Red Cross Society is the outgrowth of a society formed to relieve the wounded and sick during an insurrection that occurred in the Southwest Provinces. It was first known under the name of Hakuai-Sha (Enlarged Charity Association). After the rebellion was overcome, it was organized for permanent existence, and in 1886, when Japan acceded to the Geneva Convention, the association had its name changed to the "Red Cross Society of Japan." The society did most excellent work in the war with China in 1894,

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administering relief to the sick and wounded on both sides. Its beneficent work drew from the Emperor and Empress these words of praise:

“ It is to be highly appreciated that the society has, in due performance of its normal functions, rendered assistance to the Sanitary Corps of the Army. We are glad that, true to the principles of philanthropy, the members of the society, well united, have cared for the patients of the two belligerent parties and so assisted in the work of the sanitary department of the army.”

It is not necessary to go into details as to the organization of this national association. What it does and how it accomplishes its results are the main things. It enlists the active cooperation of families of influence as well as people of moderate means throughout the entire nation. It does not wait until war has begun, when to accomplish something entails great confusion, but makes preparations in advance that are comparable to those which are made by the army itself. It thus provides for its own maintenance by a thorough system

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of organization. One of the steps for the advancement of interest in the society has been an annual meeting of its members in some central part of the kingdom where by means of stereopticon views great interest in the work is aroused among those who attend. Within two years one of these annual meetings held in Ueno Park in Tokio was attended by not less than two hundred thousand members.

The society has headquarters in Tokio that are in keeping with its lofty purposes. Its offices are capacious and dignified and thoroughly adapted to its needs. There are rooms for various purposes, one of which is set aside especially for the Emperor and Empress. The hospital managed by the society stands on high ground in Shibuya, one of the suburbs. In times of peace it receives private patients at moderate rates, the revenue helping to support the institution. It had two hospital ships ready for immediate service when the war began. These ships were the *Hakuai-Mar*u and the *Kosai-Mar*u. The society fitted out these ships scientifically, and then leased them to a Japanese line of steamships for twenty years, subject

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at all times to release for service in war. The income which the society thus secured has been used in maintaining the vessels and providing a fund for the construction of new ones.

It is in the work of the nurses, however, that the Red Cross Society of Japan, like the Red Cross Societies of other nations, excels. Japan for years has realized that the ideal nurse is a woman trained for the work. Japanese women are especially adapted to this work and their delicacy, patience, intelligence, and devotion to duty make them unusually efficient. The medical and hospital authorities prefer that they should be of mature years. They do not think a woman thirty years old should be debarred from becoming a trained nurse. Indeed, they believe women of that age are likely to make better nurses because of riper judgment and more extended experience. Nurses in the Red Cross Hospital, as Doctor Senn has pointed out, are nurses "and not half doctors, as is the case with many from our training schools." The training lasts three years, when the graduate is entitled to wear a gilt maple-leaf as the insignia of graduation.

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In recognition of the standing of nurses trained in this way, the Imperial Legislature in December, 1901, passed an ordinance which practically makes nurses of the field forces a part of the army and gives them appropriate rank. It is worth while to quote a paragraph from this ordinance to show what might be done in our own country. This is article Number VI, which reads:

“When subject to service in time of war, the administrators, physicians, pharmacutists, and superintendent lady nurses of the Japanese Red Cross Society shall be placed in the same rank with the officers of the army and of the navy; clerks, assistant-pharmacutists, chief lady nurses, chief attendant, and chief stretcher-bearers in the same rank with the non-commissioned officers, and the lady nurses, attendants, and stretcher-bearers in the same rank with the privates.”

Supplementary to the Red Cross Society in Japan is the Volunteer Nurses Association, which is under the auspices of the Crown Princess and other members of the Royal Family. The object of this society is to help the Red

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Cross work in emergencies. During the present conflict it has been providing a vast quantity of white caps for their use when on duty.

The medical officers of the Red Cross Society are men of the highest devotion. Their work has become a matter of pride to the profession. During our visit to Ujina, the port of Hiroshima, we had the pleasure of inspecting the hospital ship *Hakuai-Mar* under the escort of Captain Sekina, Mr. Kikkawa, and Doctor Uyeno. We went over the vessel from top to bottom and found nothing lacking in the way of equipment. She was equal to the best ships used for similar purposes by the English, German, and American armies. The operating room and the room for radiography were especially well equipped. It was a matter of pride among the officers that not a single death had occurred in the first seven trips she had made to the front from which scene she had brought over 2,000 wounded men.

It was chiefly as a matter of compliment, and not because there was any lack of native nurses, that the small party of American nurses who went to Japan in the latter part of April

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were welcomed with tremendous enthusiasm. Their arrival was looked upon as establishing a bond of sympathy between the United States and Japan. On that account much was made of the nurses from this country. With fine sentiment it was arranged that they should be landed on the ground where Commodore Perry in 1854 signed the document which opened Japan to the world. American flags were seen everywhere, and quantities of flowers. Special songs were sung, speeches made, and receptions given. Representatives of the leading societies in the kingdom greeted them. After having thus been made welcome, the American nurses were sent to the hospital at Hiroshima.

While we were at Hsin-Min-Tung we had an opportunity to observe another phase of Red Cross work as conducted by the International Society. From a flagpole near the railroad station floated the insignia of the Geneva Society. Here were the headquarters of the agents of the society who were relieving destitution and sickness in Manchuria. They were forwarding to their homes in the south hundreds and even thousands of Chinese stragglers who had

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been employed by the Russians in erecting public works, such as fortifications, railways, public buildings, and hospitals all the way from Port Arthur to Harbin, and who, when the war began, had been cast adrift. With no money, no homes, and no friends, they were absolutely stranded without means of support. All through that region the International Society had established its branches, and through these branches many of the destitute Chinese had been converged upon Hsin-Min-Tung, to be cared for by two members of the society, Jen Si Chi and Chiu Sing Mao. These members labored with great success in reducing the suffering the war had caused.

The most of these refugees were from the southern provinces of China, many from Hong Kong and Shanghai. The society in Manchuria was supported largely by voluntary contributions from wealthy native residents of Shanghai who were animated by the humane purpose of assisting men of their own nationality. In the early part of the war train loads of these refugees, without home, money, or friends, were picked up by the agents of the

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International Society from all over Manchuria and forwarded by rail or otherwise to their homes. Chiu Sing Mao, through his chain of agents, was in touch with much that was going on in the zone of hostilities. Through these refugees much could be learned about various phases of the war. Except for this active work of the International Society in Manchuria, thousands of Chinese suddenly cast aside by the Russians would have perished.

On the Russian side of the fighting lines, as we learned from many of the refugees at Hsin-Min-Tung, there had been different preparations for the treatment of the wounded. The Japanese could use hospital ships and transports on which to bring their wounded home, but the Russians could not use ships. As they had few field hospitals in Manchuria, twenty hospital trains were fitted out instead with the latest improvements. Each of these trains had a capacity of transporting about 400 men to the base hospitals at Mukden and Harbin and to general hospitals as far west as Moscow. We were informed, also, that the Russians had sent many specialists to the front, but of course

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our pathways did not cross theirs, and we could not speak from personal experience as to what they had accomplished.

The Red Cross work in Japan is probably more efficient than similar work in any other country. It has also taught other nations the great lesson of being prepared in advance to care for those who fall or who become ill in war.

CHAPTER XIV

JAPAN'S TRIUMPHAL CONQUEST OF THE SILENT FOE

JAPAN is the first country in the world to recognize that the greatest enemy in war is not the opposing army, but a foe more treacherous and dangerous—preventable disease, as found lurking in every camp—whose fatalities in every great war of history have numbered from four to twenty times as many victims as those of mines, bullets, and shells. It is against this enemy that Japan, with triumphant exaltation, may cry “Banzai.” For it is against this enemy that she has attained her most signal victories—victories that have kept her men in superb condition, to respond to the call of their leaders and achieve the dashing, brilliant successes that have marked their progress from the Yalu to Liaoyang in the teeth of the Russian foe, entrenched and forti-

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fied—whose units are no cowards, but who fight with the bravery of fanaticism and the courage of desperation.

It was a positive delight to visit that great series of hospitals, from Tokio to Sasebo, their long wards filled to overflowing with wounded, suffering soldiers, the legitimate victims of war, their faces full of health and hope, despite their fearful wounds in the long, hard campaign in Manchuria, their chief desire to know how soon they could rejoin their comrades, and to contrast them, in memory, with the vivid picture of the poor, wan, emaciated and almost hopeless faces that crowded the wards of our hospitals in Cuba and Porto Rico, in Tampa, Chattanooga, Camp Alger, and Montauk Point in 1898—and in the Philippines in 1899 and 1900—the innocent, unwounded, and illegitimate victims of another conflict, which, in comparison with the one now waging, would be considered no more than a skirmish among outposts.

Napoleon never made a more truthful statement than when he said, "An army fights on its belly." Yea, verily, and the Japanese have



A SKETCH BY MELTON PRIOR

Showing Japanese infantry in the trenches with arms and kits. Presented to the author by Mr. Prior, the English newspaper artist, after one of the battles in the present war

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that belly, and they take good care to keep it in fighting order—not by insulting it three times a day by cramming it with material totally unsuited to the soldier's necessities, thereby exciting irritations and disease, but by supplying it with a plain, palatable, easily prepared and easily digested ration that can be thoroughly assimilated and converted into the health and energy which make its owner the ideal fighting-machine of the world to-day.

Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the medical department of the army and navy for their splendid *preparatory* work in this war. Care of the sick and wounded consumes but a small part of their time. The solution of the greater problem, preserving the health and fighting value of the army in the field by preventing disease, by careful supervision of the smallest details of subsisting, clothing, and sheltering the units, is their *first* duty. Their capacity for detail is something phenomenal; nothing seems too small to escape their vigilance, or too tedious to weary their patience, and everywhere—in the field with the scouts, or

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in the base hospitals at home, their one prevailing idea is the prevention of disease.

The medical officer is omnipresent. You will find him in countless places where in an American or British army he has no place. He is as much at the front as in the rear. He is with the first screen of scouts with his microscope and chemicals, testing and labeling wells so the army to follow shall drink no contaminated water. When the scouts reach a town, he immediately institutes a thorough examination of its sanitary condition and if contagion or infection is found he quarantines and places a guard around the dangerous district. Notices are posted so the approaching column is warned and no soldiers are billeted where danger exists.

Microscopic blood tests are made in all fever cases—and bacteriological experts, fully equipped, form part of the staff of every Divisional Headquarters. The medical officer also accompanies foraging-parties, and, with the commissariat officers, samples the various food, fruits, and vegetables sold by the natives along the line of march, long before the arrival of

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the army. If the food is tainted or the fruit over-ripe, or the water requires boiling, notice is posted to that effect, and such is the respect and discipline of every soldier, from commanding-officer to the file in the ranks, that obedience to its orders is absolute.

The medical officer is also found in camp, lecturing the men on sanitation, and the hundred and one details of personal hygiene—how to cook and to eat, and when not to drink or to bathe—even to the paring and cleansing of the finger nails to prevent danger from bacteria. Long before the outbreak of hostilities he was with the advance-agents of the army, testing provisions that were being collected for troops that were to follow, and as a consequence of these precautions, he is *not now* found treating thousands of cases of intestinal diseases and other contagion and fevers that follow improper subsistence and neglected sanitation—diseases that have brought more campaigns to disastrous terminations than the strategies of opposing generals or the bullets of their followers. If the testimony of those conversant with the facts can be accepted, sup-

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plemented by my own limited observations, the loss from preventable disease in the first six months of the terrible conflict with Russia, will be but a fraction of one per cent., this, too, in Manchuria, a country naturally unsanitary. Compare this with the fearful losses of the British from preventable disease in South Africa—or, worse, with our own losses in the Spanish-American war—where in a campaign the actual hostilities of which lasted six weeks the mortality from bullets and wounds was 268, while that from disease reached the appalling number of 3,862, or about 14 to 1.

Regardless of the ultimate outcome of this terrible war, history will never again furnish a more convincing demonstration of the benefit of a medical, sanitary, and commissary department, thoroughly organized, equipped, and *empowered*, to overcome the silent foe.

Every death from preventable disease is an insult to the intelligence of the age. When it occurs in an army, where the units are compelled to submit to discipline, it becomes a governmental crime. Witness the French

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campaign in Madagascar in 1894 where, of the 15,000 men sent to the front, 29 were killed in action, and over 7,000 died *en route* to and from the scene, from preventable causes.

Turn now to the record of Japan, first as shown in the naval hospitals. Casualties in naval warfare differ radically from those in land battles in that bullets are rarely a causative factor in one, while in the other they are the predominating cause. Fragments of shell—ragged and twisted bits of metal and splinters, causing fearful lacerations, contusions, with compound and compound comminuted fractures, abrasions, burns from explosives, scalds from escaping steam, penetrating or perforating wounds of the cranial, thoracic, or abdominal cavities predominate there. These were all liberally represented in the wards at Sasebo. Only one patient in the entire hospital presented an unfavorable prognosis, and he was suffering from tubercle, and had not been at the front. Many of the cases were those picked up by the torpedo-boats after the terrible mine explosion under the Hatsuse, and those taken from the water after the sinking

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of the ships in the Port Arthur channel—most of them blown from their ships and rescued by the torpedo-boats under a hail of fire. The men all looked vigorous and happy. They were gaining weight under their enforced idleness, and, like their fellows in the other branch of the service, their first question was to learn when they might return to their posts of duty.

Up to August 1st, 9,862 cases had been received at the Reserve Hospital at Hiroshima, of whom 6,636 were wounded. Of the entire number up to that time, only 34 had died. Up to July 20th, the hospital ship *Hakuui Maru* alone brought 2,406 casualties from the front without losing a single case in transit. Up to July 1st, 1,105 wounded—a large proportion of whom were stretcher cases—were received at the hospitals in Tokio; none died, and all but one presented favorable prognoses.

At the chief naval hospital, Sasebo, at the time of our visit, July 16th, the total casualties in the navy amounted to 1,429, of which 1,209 were fatalities. More than 500 of these deaths occurred on the occasion of the torpedoing of the *Hatsuse*, and a large proportion of the

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remainder on the ships that were exploded or sunk in the futile attempts to blockade the narrow channel to Port Arthur. Less than 200 wounded had been rescued from these terrible tragedies and forwarded to Kure and Sasebo. Indeed, 225 represented the total number of cases received at these institutions, and of these only five died. The remainder were rapidly convalescing, notwithstanding their terrible punishments.

A contributing factor to this happy result was the application of the principal of non-interference—by probe or otherwise—except by first-aid dressings or immobilization of limbs on the battle-field, and the thorough anti-septic methods used in the after-treatment.

Unparalleled as is this record of surgical cases in war, that in the medical wards of the great military hospitals is none the less striking. In all these institutions there were the interne, contagious, and infectious departments, their conspicuously empty beds voicing more eloquently than words the most important lesson of the war. A few cases of diseases of the respiratory system were found—colds,

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bronchitis, and occasionally pneumonia, contracted through exposure in fording rivers, exhaustive marches and bivouacking on wet ground; a few more of typhoid (I *saw* only three in Newchwang), occasionally one of dysentery, indicating the constant presence of these dangerous germs in the fighting zone, where among the natives, Koreans, and Chinese, no provision is made for sanitation. But of all the many thousands gathered in these institutions there were few intestinal cases, scarcely a baker's dozen. Therein lies one of the greatest secrets of the Japanese success.

It is the rule of the Japanese surgeons at the front to do little or no operating except in cases of extreme emergency, or where hemorrhage threatens immediate death. All cases are treated by the application of the first-aid dressing, and then sent to the rear as quickly as possible, thence by hospital boat or transport to the base hospitals in Japan. The dressing station is established near the fighting line, in such place as can be easily found by the soldiers. It is out of the enemy's fire, convenient for the transport of the wounded, and,

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when possible, in the vicinity of good water, and in hot weather in the shade. Its function is to receive wounded men from the fighting line, and to permit of their being treated medically before a transfer to the field hospital.

The function of the field hospital is to receive the wounded from the dressing stations, or directly from the fighting line, and to transport them to the rear, gradually relieving the dressing stations, so as to enable the bearer company commander to advance or retire without hindrance.

The stationary field hospital receives patients from the field hospital, the place of which it takes, so that the latter can advance. It does not move with the fighting line like a field hospital, but receives patients at a fixed place, continuing its work until there is an opportunity of sending them back. Reserve hospitals are established either in or out of military garrisons for the reception of patients sent back from the field, as well as for those from regiments of the reserve and from the garrison. From these hospitals the wounded and sick are

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sent home to the great base hospitals by hospital ships or transports.

Naturally one asks, Were these medical results anticipated? As an answer, the statement of a distinguished Japanese officer, when discussing with me the subject of Russia's overwhelming numbers, is pertinent. "Yes," he said, "we are prepared for that. Russia may be able to place 2,000,000 men in the field. We can furnish 500,000. You know in every war four men die of disease for every one who falls from bullets. That will be the position of Russia in this war. We propose to eliminate disease as a factor. Every man who dies in our army must fall on the field of battle. In this way we shall neutralize the superiority of Russian numbers and stand on a comparatively equal footing."

Compare this with the attitude of Russian officials in the Far East, as stated by a friend in a conversation with the Russian Surgeon-General at Vladivostok, who said: "Oh, there will be no war. If Russia expected war I should be the first to know it, so my hospitals could be in readiness. As it is, I have never

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been so short of supplies as I am to-day. There will be no war." That night Admiral Togo torpedoed the Russian squadron, and practically closed Port Arthur to the outside world.

What was true of the Russian medical corps was equally true of every branch of the Russian service in Manchuria. "There will be no war," echoed the newly arriving officers; and the carnival of revelry that has marked the Muscovite invasion since 1898 was intensified by added numbers. Arriving trains that should have been crowded with men and munitions of war, brought each a full complement of the demimonde and vodka.

The thousands of these creatures and the tens of thousands of cases of vodka that passed over the Siberian Railway, in place of food and equipments, must have horrified even the gentle Verestchagin, familiar as he was with war, in its most brutal and bestial aspects. Had he lived to portray recent scenes in Manchuria he could have revealed to the victimized suffering masses at home a perfect nightmare of debauchery, apathy, and criminal

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carelessness. His historic picture of a battle-field in the Russo-Turkish war, with the dead and dying soldiers lying bleeding in the distance, while in the foreground the Russian headquarters were strewn with empty champagne bottles and the rags of harlots, had its counterpart in scenes that greeted the eyes of the observer at Port Arthur, Newchwang, and Vladivostok. Wine, women, and song were certainly the undoing of Russia, where a beauty and a bottle were the highest ambition of its officers—from general to corporal. This was Russia's preparation for war. But, if the bloody conflict now waging serves to awaken her from her terrible nightmare, and brings about her moral regeneration (and nothing less than such a catastrophe can do it), then civilization will ultimately be promoted and the masses of suffering humanity in that grand country will come in some measure by their own.

That Japan was not alone in anticipating danger from the Silent Foe is proved by the following extract, from an article by the present writer, published in 1903 in the *New Inter-*

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national Encyclopedia, edited by Dr. Daniel C. Gilman:

“ But it is at times when the army is not in action that the responsibilities of the military surgeon are greatest. In order to prevent the invasion of that deadlier foe whose fatalities in every war are never less than five times greater than those killed in battle, he must prove himself a keen sanitary engineer in the selection of camp sites, of camp drainage, of the location of latrines; in the inspection of all water supplies, the quality of food and its cooking; of the soldiers' clothing and his personal cleanliness. He must be an epidemiologist and a bacteriologist, as well as a student of dietetics and metabolism. Terrible epidemics of typhoid fever, cholera, dysentery, and diarrhœa have resulted from flies carrying disease germs from unsavory places to the mess-hall, or through the drinking of polluted water. The parasite of malaria and of yellow fever is transmitted through the medium of the mosquito, that of tuberculosis through the sputum. The iron-clad ration of the soldier has at times led to starvation or scurvy, or has proved an excitant

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to intestinal disease. With all these problems the military surgeon must be prepared to wrestle, especially when he is with newly recruited troops, unaccustomed to the rigorous discipline of army life, or when stationed in tropical climes. The normal condition of the soldier is health; disease and premature death are to a large extent unnecessary. They are to be overcome, however, not by the abrogation of the intellectual faculty, but by its exercise. With a thorough knowledge of the micro-organisms of any disease, their exclusion is a comparatively simple matter. But it is only by the exercise of the greatest vigilance and judgment that these most pathetic tragedies of war can be averted and that a high standard of health in an army be maintained, so that in the emergency of battle it may respond most effectively to the call of its leaders."

The only difference is, we talk, while Japan acts.

If wars are inevitable, and the slaughter of men must go on (and I believe wars *are* inevitable, and that most of them are ultimately beneficial)—then, for the love of God, let men

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be killed legitimately, on the field, fighting for the stake at issue—not dropped by the wayside by preventable diseases, as happened in the Spanish-American war—1,400 for every 100 that died in action. It is for the 1,400 poor devils who are sacrificed—never for the 100 who fall gallantly fighting—that I offer my prayer.

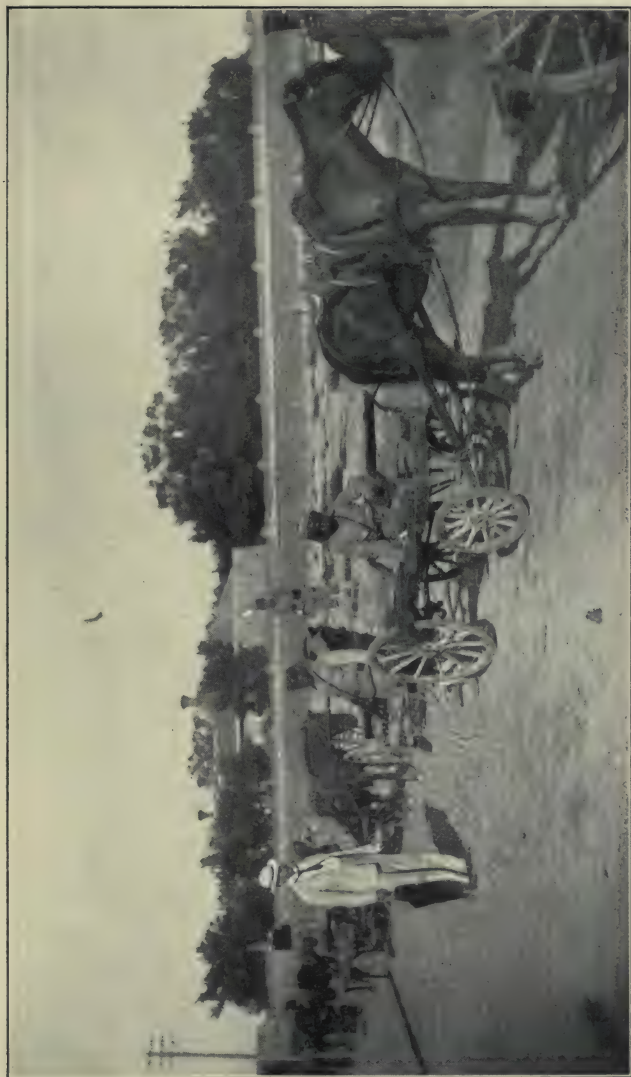
We have recently heard much of the reorganization of the American army and the creation of a general staff. Commanding that staff is an officer as courageous, as gallant, as heroic, and, I believe, as representative as ever drew a sword, and yet the importance of this momentous subject, the study of preventable disease and the saving of 80 men out of every 100 that always die in war is considered of such minor import that no place was found on it for a medical representative.

Three great lessons are to be learned from the Japanese war in the medical, the commissariat, and transport departments. The Japanese authorities permitted our government to send five military attachés to accompany their army in the field. Was a surgeon

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or a quartermaster or a commissary officer detailed? No. These men who represent the life-saving and life-preserving departments were omitted. The killing departments got the appointments—the cavalry, ordinance, infantry, etc.—and to-day Japanese officers are laughing in their sleeves at our senseless failure to have representatives on what they consider their three vital points, while the only weak, almost burlesque feature of their army, its cavalry, was considered of sufficient importance to be worthy of special study. What can be expected of a government that after its terrible lessons of 1898-99 still insists—especially in the tropics—of subsisting its army on a ration so rich and “elastic” that when in the emergency of war its elasticity is tested, it bursts its bands, and is found to consist of pork and beans and fermenting canned rubbish that in six weeks prostrates fifty per cent. of its 250,000 units with intestinal diseases, and sends 3,000 to their last home, to say nothing of the enormous number invalided and the 70,000 pension claimants?

What can be expected from a Congress



JAPANESE TRANSPORTATION TRAIN

En route to Taschiao

JAPAN'S TRIUMPHAL CONQUEST

so devoid of business principles that it prefers pensions to prevention; that permits a lot of well-meaning but misguided fanatical women to degrade its army by depriving it of one of its most beneficial features, a well-regulated canteen, the outgrowth of the best thought and experience of able, trusted officers, thereby driving its fighting units to low grogeries and brothels, from which they are frequently brought back by the patrol, candidates for the guard-house or wards of the hospital, or both? Why, I ask again, should we expect reforms from authorities who, in their great preparatory schools, West Point and Annapolis, furnish the cadets no instruction in the important studies of physiology and hygiene, so that when they come to command the fighting units of the army, they can be prepared to guard them against the silent foe which scores eighty per cent. of the deaths!

The State deprives the soldier of his liberty; prescribes his exercise, equipment, dress, diet, the locality in which he shall reside, and in the hour of danger expects him, if necessary,

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to lay down his life in its defense and honor. It should, therefore, give him the best sanitation and the best medical supervision that the science of the age can devise. I unhesitatingly assert we are as far behind the Japanese in matters of military medical organization and sanitation as were the disciples of Confucius in the days of Kublai Khan—farther indeed—for they at least exercised instinct instead of so-called brains in the selection of their food and the care of their stomachs.

Perhaps the day is not distant when another summons will come to join the Army of the Republic. And a question will be asked by the young patriot of that day—not who the enemy is whom he is to meet—no, the American boy is not built that way—but he will demand to know what measures have been taken to insure him against the silent enemy who kills the eighty per cent. And if he learns that the same prehistoric regulations as to sanitation and protection against this foe are in force as they were in 1904, will he respond to his country's call? Yes, he will, for that is the way of the American boy. And he will follow, as did his fore-

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bears, in their footsteps—and he will fall by the wayside as they did before him. And history will record another crime.

“ We see by the light of thousands of years,
And the knowledge of millions of men,
The lessons they learned through blood and in tears
Are ours for the reading, and then,
We sneer at their errors and follies and dreams,
Their frail idols of mind and of stone,
And call ourselves wiser, forgetting, it seems,
That the future may laugh at our own.”

But the American boy need not despair. An adequate medical and sanitary organization is more important to the United States than to any other nation because of the smallness of its regular army in comparison to that of other lands, and because in the emergency of war the vast majority of its medical officers must be drawn from the civil profession. That this result may be attained under a more enlightened Congress and a President who himself has seen the crying need is indicated by the unanimous adoption of the following resolution, submitted by the author, to the Associ-

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ation of Military Surgeons at its meeting in St. Louis, October 12, 1904:

“ *Resolved*, That the Association of Military Surgeons of the United States, now assembled, respectfully petition Congress at its next session to reorganize the medical departments of the United States army and navy on a broad basis similar to that of the countries most advanced in military sanitation, giving to their officers equivalent rank, dignity, and power, and to their personnel ample numbers for the proper care of the ill and injured in military and naval service.”¹

¹ Here let me quote from a letter addressed to me in December, 1904, by Dr. W. H. Thomson, formerly president of the New York Academy of Medicine: “There is nothing on earth which is so amazing as the want of recognition by the ordinary man of the *waste* of life in war as conducted by Anglo-Saxon peoples. I knew of it most impressively in my boyhood when I was out in Syria during the Crimean War, when the British regiments *died* away instead of being killed off, and yet that great object lesson did not make the least difference with the subsequent management of the English Army up to the South-African war. I think, however, that we in the Spanish campaign carried off the palm for defiance of common sense in dealing with the question how an army should live.

“An old general is as impervious to the claims of the medical army officers to any consideration, as a mud turtle is to mathematics. That a man who would save eight soldiers out of ten who are buried, is to have any consideration by the side of a line officer, can not once enter his lofty cranium. It is therefore well in keeping with the needs of our times that you should demonstrate so clearly that these Japanese are developing more sense in one hospital than is to be found in the entire personnel of the military staffs of the American and British War Departments.”

CHAPTER XV

WHAT THE WAR MEANS TO CHINA

It is pertinent to refer briefly to the train of events culminating in the tragedy of the Far East now taking place on the plains of Manchuria. The aggressive course of Russia toward China over a period of two and a half centuries is matter of common record. She had obtained in the seventeenth century recognition by treaty of some settlements on the northwest of China, but explicitly excluding the vast Amur region. The intercourse of the two peoples in these distant and sparsely settled districts was unimportant until, in the middle of the last century, Muravieff propounded his ambitious proposals for the extension of Russian dominion over and through that vast domain to the Pacific Ocean, which were consummated by the conclusion of a

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treaty with China in 1860. The territory north of the Amur was then ceded to Russia together with the maritime provinces of Manchuria, down to the boundary of Corea, with exclusive right to navigate the Chinese rivers tributary to the Amur. Herein we have an illustration of Russia's diplomatic methods. The English and French allies were at war with China and had captured Peking and held it at their mercy. Russia stood aloof and reaped her reward without the sacrifice of a drop of Moscovite blood, or a kopeck of her treasure.

The situation is similar to that which Punch prophetically pictured during the China-Japan war in 1894-95 when the Bear sat aloof, watching the contestants, with an open oyster (Corea) in his paw, prepared equitably to apportion the shells to the fighting units!

On the conclusion of peace with Japan, when China ceded to her the stronghold of Port Arthur and the Liaotung Peninsula, Russia, backed by Germany and France, and ostensibly standing for the territorial integrity of the Celestial Empire, forced Japan to relinquish

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her fruits of victory in this respect and to accept instead a small indemnity.

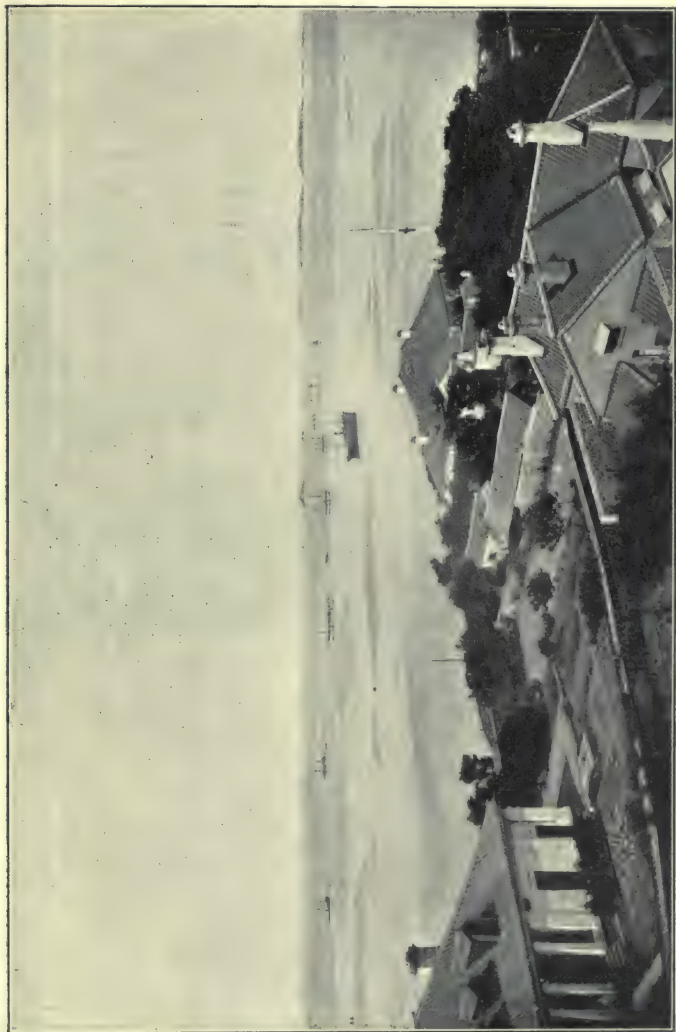
Herein lies the crux of the situation. Outraged, Japan, robbed of her spoil, retires silently to prepare for the inevitable conflict with Russia which she clearly foresees to be imperative if she would retain her independence of Russian domination.

Meanwhile, assured of the impotence of China, so signally demonstrated in the recent conflict, the three Continental powers exacted from her as the reward for services rendered in the settlement, vast concessions for railway exploitation, mining rights, and other exclusive privileges in the Manchurian provinces, Shantung and South China. Two years pass, when in 1897 an opportune murder in Shantung, by a band of brigands, of two Roman Catholic missionaries of German nationality, afforded the Kaiser a convenient excuse for seizing the splendid harbor of Kiauchau, on the south coast of the province, and exacting a so-called lease thereof for ninety-nine years, with a heavy pecuniary indemnity. Russia promptly followed suit, demanding and se-

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curing a similar assignment under "lease" of Port Arthur and the contiguous territory, with a notice to all the world of "hands off" over an extensive adjacent region embracing the bulk of the Liaotung coast.

To this deed of territorial spoliation a complaisant England became an accessory by a contributory act of supreme folly, of pusillanimity, which even to-day brings the blush of shame and humiliation to every patriotic Briton in the Far East. It is a twice-told tale how, at the behest of the Czar, the British fleet sailed from the coveted harbor, because, forsooth, its presence was considered an "unfriendly" proceeding. At first hand I have the following version of the incident. My informant, an English physician at Chefoo, was on intimate terms with the officers of a Russian man-of-war which turned up at that port soon after the seizure of Port Arthur, and in reply to an inquiry what would have occurred had the British not retired, as desired, the officers averred that they themselves had positive orders to do so, and on no account to risk a rupture with Great Britain. On repeating



American consulate.

HARBOR OF CHEFOO

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this to a member of Parliament in London, my friend said his hearer was beside himself with indignation. The seizure and retention of Port Arthur is one of the most important links in the chain of Russian aggression which has eventuated in the existing carnival of slaughter made necessary in the herculean efforts for its recapture.

The reversion of Wei-Hai-Wei, captured by Japan, and to be evacuated under her treaty of peace, was thereupon secured to England as a tardy act of defense of her prestige, and ostensibly to prevent the undisputed dictation of Russia and Germany at the Celestial capital. Later on she acquired a wide extension of territory on the mainland opposite her island colony of Hong Kong, and again an indefinite recognition, of the opera-bouffe order, of prior rights of exploitation in mining and railways in the vast area known as the Yangtsze Valley, which, in fertility and extent, is comparable to our Mississippi Valley. As has been well said by a competent observer of those days, "It was a carnival of territorial lust that went on."

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Thus proceeded merrily the vivisection of the "Sick Man of the Far East," with small consideration for the interests or sentiments of the patient under the scalpel. Even Italy sent out a fleet and laid claim to a coaling station, but, as the "worm will turn," her pretensions were scouted at Peking and failed even of the support of her traditional ally. The sauce for the goose on this occasion was insufficient for service on the gander.

As a direct result of the spoliation ensued the Boxer uprising, having for its declared purpose the forcible expulsion from the country of all foreigners and the recovery by China of her despoiled possessions. The horrors that followed have afforded the theme for many a tragic tale and numberless explanatory theories. The plain fact, however, can not be gainsaid, nor too strongly emphasized, that the essential motive of the propaganda was the freeing of the land from the hated foreigners who, in current phrase, had "robbed the people of their country."

As bearing on our present problem the events referred to gave Russia her opportunity

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to tighten her grip on Manchuria, despite all protestations reiterated to "The Powers" under which she repeatedly declared her intention to evacuate. The result is before us in the conflict now raging, but not, as would be supposed, with China as a contestant in self-defense, but between her former foe Japan, and China's aggressor, as a matter of precaution and security against Japan's own ultimate extinction as independent power. Recalling the initial acts of the drama we are witnessing and the subsequent conduct of the two autocrats who have played the leading rôles, we are impressed with the conviction that to the Kaiser belongs the credit or infamy of inaugurating the play. Whatever understanding then existed between him and his brother autocrat, it is impossible not to believe now, in the face of the extensive supply of German war material since the opening of hostilities, and the unrestricted sale of German ships to Russia, and despite his declaration of neutrality, that a full understanding exists between Kaiser and Czar for the promotion of their respective ambitions in these regions.

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At this juncture it is ludicrous that the familiar war-horse, "Yellow Peril," should be solemnly trotted out to terrorize the Western world, and in order to turn the tide of sympathy for Japan into one of favor for her hard-pressed antagonist.

The credit for this bogey rests, I believe, with the lamented General Gordon, who, on being asked over a quarter of a century ago by the Viceroy, Li Hung Chang, his advice respecting measures for the defense of China, is reported to have said that China properly armed would be irresistible. The sensation mongers of that day in England depicted in lurid colors the cataclysm that would ensue were another Tartar irruption to overrun the Western world, and by sheer weight of numbers turn down the civilization of Europe and substitute that of Cathay. Its antithesis may now be found in the familiar conception of the stealthy approach of Slavic hordes from their frozen fastnesses, comparable to the resistless movement of a glacier and similarly annihilating all life in its path. The writer recalls a prophetic remark of Sir Edwin

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Arnold, many years ago, during a trip in the Far East when we were fellow travelers.

Discussing the conduct and aims of Russia, he said: "Yes, the time will come, perhaps not in your day nor mine, when, unless Europe and America unite to check Muscovite ambition, it will not only grasp the effete nations in its path on the Asiatic continent, but, with the hordes thus brought under its control will overrun the civilization of Europe as did the Hun and Goth, the Visigoth and Vandal of old."

To the Kaiser is attributable the recrudescence of the "Yellow Peril" bogey, which Count Cassini further exploited in "The North American Review," in the early stages of the war, for the delusion of the American public—an alarm in which we are glad to know he signally failed.

As can not be too emphatically insisted upon, in my opinion, the Yellow Peril would indeed materialize except for the docility of the Chinese race, which for centuries has been a synonym for peaceful and orderly concernment with its own affairs, seeking, in its isola-

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tion, only to be left alone to maintain a civilization according to its own system of ethics and philosophy, and with whom military service has been held in the lightest esteem, if not actually in contempt. In a land where the worship of ancestry is the most potent of all cults, and disgrace is the portion of the bachelor and the childless, yet by an old adage it is said to be better to have no son than one who is a soldier, it would indeed be a peril and a terror to civilization were these hardy peasants of Manchuria and the countless hordes of China transformed into minions of the White Czar and made the agent of his insatiable schemes of spoliation and conquest over the whole Asiatic continent.

The main present hope of security against this lies in a complete victory of the patriots of the Land of the Rising Sun, which shall effectually stem the tide of Russian aggression for this generation at least, thus giving China one more chance to "put her house in order." To this end the efforts of her best and younger minds are resolutely bent, and her friends are not impotent nor unwilling to lend her all

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legitimate support. So long as England, Japan, and our own land "stand pat" for the integrity of this great unwieldy empire, the machinations of her foes will assuredly be circumvented. Mr. Hay's happy inspiration in support of "the administrative entity of China," after proving a conundrum to the chancelleries of the Continent, has been accepted as a *modus vivendi*, pending the outcome of the titanic struggle now being waged. Japan announces her intention of restoring Manchuria to its rightful owner, and is generously assisting Russia in her herculean efforts to execute her oft-promised evacuation of that territory.

When the Muscovite shall have been safely sent back to his own domain, and the Chinese Eastern Railway shall have been made an agent of commercial development, rather than an engine for the subjugation of a people, when the Celestial Empire shall have become Japanned with up-to-date civilization and restored to the comity of nations on the lines set out by our own Burlingame a full generation ago, when justice to China shall be done by our own country in a more liberal inter-

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pretation of its exclusion treaty, and in better treatment of her subjects domiciled among us, then we may hope for the dawn of an era of mutually advantageous intercourse. We shall witness the wide extension of China's railway system, already actively in progress, which shall greatly promote her own trade as well as open new markets for foreign goods. Her enormous and virgin mineral deposits, in extent comparable in many respects to our own, will be opened up by modern methods of mining, and afford markets for our machinery, and boundless opportunity for the investment of foreign capital. It is not unreasonable to hope that the contract miners of the Transvaal, after completing their three years' term of service, will return to their own country with an experience which should be of great value in the development of the industry there.

It is foreign to the purpose of these cursory notes to indicate in detail the many ways in which trade and commerce should be promoted. To this end the recently completed commercial treaties, and others still under negotiation, have been mainly directed, recognizing in a more

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liberal sense than hitherto China's equality, and the principle of reciprocity in securing and granting concessions, and also earnestly directed toward the promotion of essential reform in her financial and fiscal administration.

It was my good fortune to be a fellow passenger with Jeremiah W. Jenks on returning to this country. From him I learned that his mission on behalf of the reform of the chaotic monetary system of the empire had met with a most encouraging reception at the capital and throughout the interior, where he traveled extensively under a special and imposing escort furnished by the government.

The importance of the service of our own government in support of the maintenance of China's territorial integrity can not be overestimated, and it is fitting to render some slight appreciation of it in considering the general question. Beginning with the settlement of the Boxer indemnity when its exertions were earnestly directed, with considerable success, toward an amelioration of the hard conditions exacted by the Continental powers, it has con-

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sistently stood for liberality and fair-dealing in all its relations with the empire. The stand taken by our State Department in the course of the critical negotiations between China and Russia over the Manchurian occupation by the latter, cogently supported the thesis of China's sovereignty over that region which it was the undoubted purpose of Russia to impair and supplant, notwithstanding her repeatedly declared intention to evacuate it. This insistence of the recognition on the part of Russia of China's sovereign rights, and the rights of other treaty powers, in the region overrun by Russian troops, was eminently distasteful to her, and served to set in the clearest light the falsity and hypocrisy of her professions. The conclusion of our commercial treaty on the very day set by Russia's compact with China for her final evacuation, with the concurrent action of Japan in also signing her treaty, by which the provincial capital, Mukden, and a port on the Yalu were made treaty ports, was notice to all the world that the United States and Japan would maintain their position in respect of China's paramount authority over the Man-

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churian provinces, distinctively known as her three Eastern provinces. The moral position of China, *vis-à-vis* with her scheming antagonist, was thereby immeasurably strengthened. I believe that by opening the other large cities of her empire to the world, China would effectually circumvent the machinations of her enemies and prevent further spoliation of her territory.

Recent events have, I am satisfied, placed our country in the front rank of the Powers in influence at Peking. The Imperial Government has confidence that we have no sinister purpose, no ulterior motive to serve, no territorial claims to urge for services rendered. We stand for the "Open Door," equal opportunity for all, a fair field and no favor. It were strange if in her hour of extremity this attitude lacked appreciation. That such is not the case, let the following excerpt from the address of Prince Pu Lun at the banquet in his honor given by the American Asiatic Association in New York testify:

"This great country, by and through your government, your officials, your merchants, and

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citizens who have lived with us, even although temporarily, have left with us the evidence that your fundamental principles and ideas are based upon fairness, equity, and justice to all mankind alike—a dislike of oppression, and I am safe in stating that the general sentiment of our people is that the greater the interest of the Americans taken in China, the greater the prosperity and future security of our country will be.”

And now my story is told. It was experience in the Spanish-American war, and in the Philippines—where the principal enemies of the army were ferments and microbes, and the main fighting was done by the Medical Department, against insurmountable odds and a wretched commissariat—it was this experience which inspired in me a desire to see something of another kind of war, where the effects of powder and shell should play at least an incidental part in the loss of human life. I hoped thus to witness results by which men would be qualified for something besides admission to a hospital, and where the outcome of my trip

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could not be summed up in the four words, anticipation, bookkeeping, disease, and disappointment.

Naturally, a part only of what I saw has been chronicled in these pages. But that part embraces a considerable variety of topics not pertaining to the immediate purpose of my visit. The book, as those who may have done me the honor to read it have already discovered, relates chiefly to some novel features developed at or near the front in battles and campaigns.

I have set down a narrative of personal adventure which I can never forget, and have told the story with a fixed desire to describe nothing which I had not actually seen or taken part in. Because of letters of introduction which I carried with me, somewhat unusual opportunities for observation and investigation had been secured.

I must add that the book has been written in the hope that even those who run may read the profound and convincing lesson, the most impressive of all the lessons which Japan is teaching the world to-day, that the normal con-

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dition of the soldier is health, and that those who die in war should die from bullets received on the firing-line, and not from preventable diseases in quarters.

BANZAI NIPPON.

(2)

THE END

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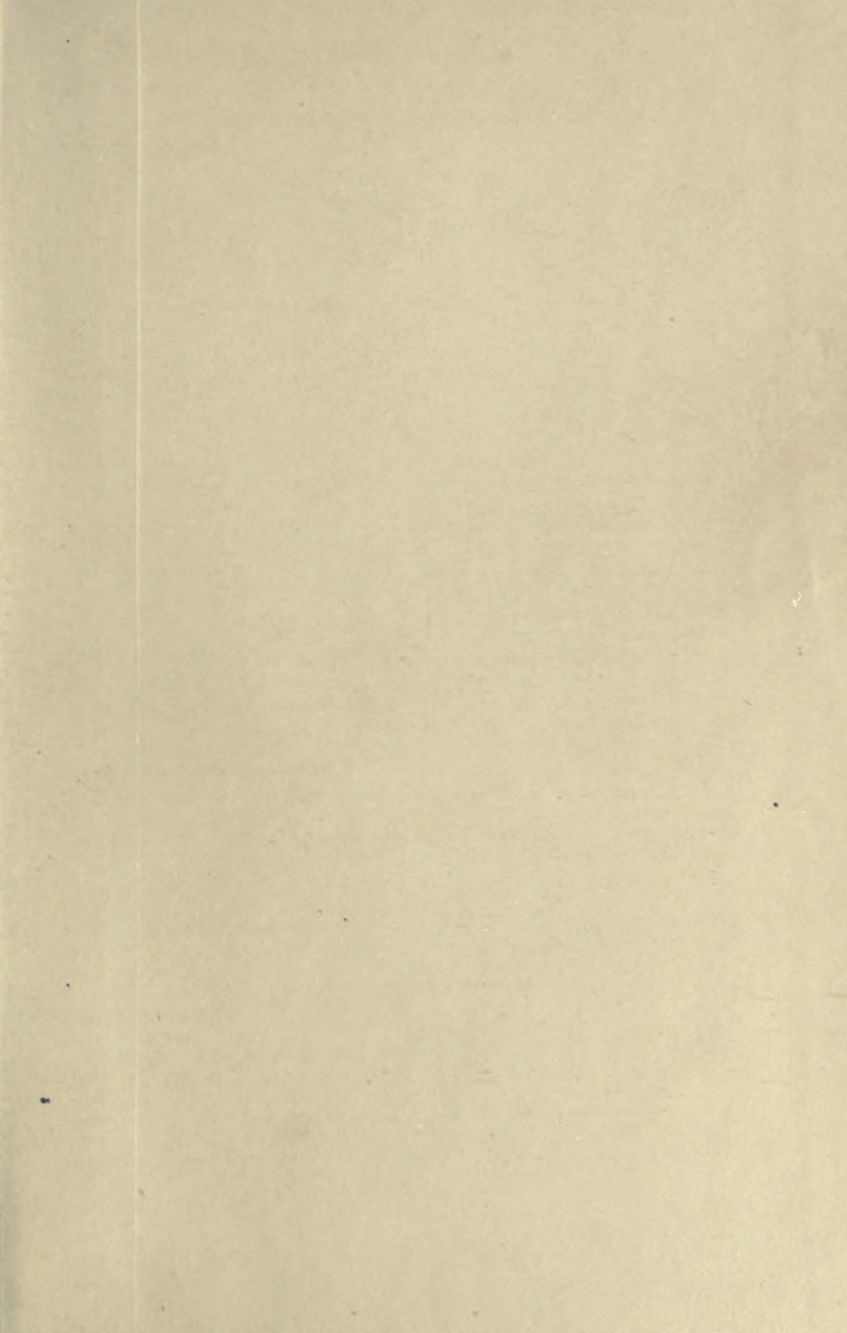
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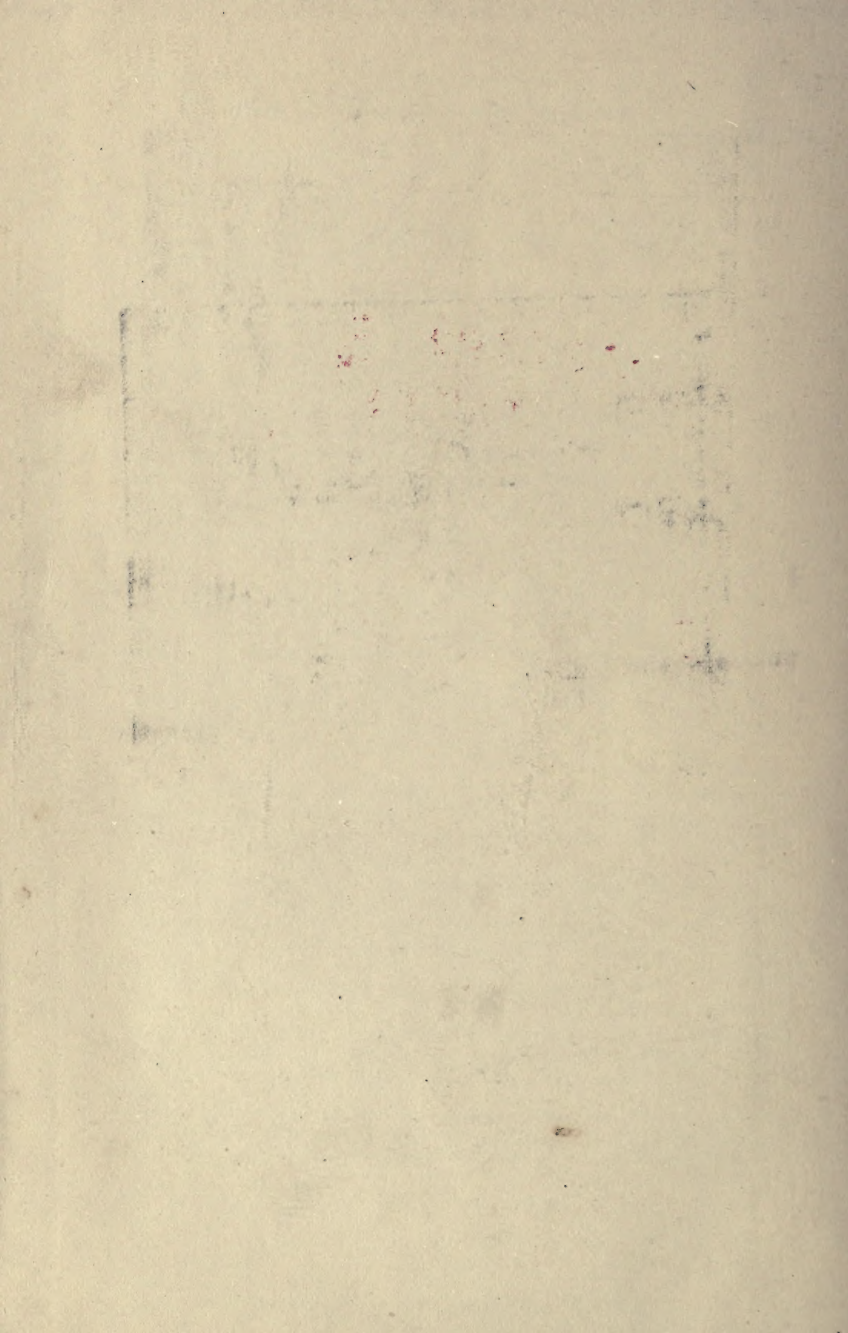
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